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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

IT was pointed out in our leading article last week that Mr. Snowden, with twenty-five millions to raise in new taxation, and with his apparently unabated fanaticism about the McKenna and other quasi-protective duties, seems to be riding for a fall on his first Budget. The more closely the situation is studied, the more evident becomes the absurdity of allowing fiscal policy to depend on the changes and chances of party politics, and suffering economic ills inflicted at the hands of a minority Government because on general political grounds it happens to be inconvenient to eject it from office. The condition of British industries is not a matter of conjecture: it is definitely ascertainable, and the plain facts should be spared party gloss. That Ministers with a minority are in office should be only an additional reason for placing fiscal policy under the direction of a composite and impartial body. No one desires

a General Election in the near future. But it is preposterous that the reasonable enough dread of one should involve acquiescence in a policy inimical to British industry and unsupported by a majority of the electorate.

Is there really any reason why this country should not have a respite from party struggles in a department in which they are always more or less objectionable? For ourselves, we should not grieve if the abandonment of Labour pretensions to dictate fiscal policy were accompanied by diminution of Labour and other party pretensions in other departments. The truth about the situation is not merely that a minority Government is in power but that no party has a practical policy adequate to the needs of the sorely tried country. A Ministry on sufferance and an Opposition afraid to press its criticisms home lest it should precipitate a General Election are not the conditions of good government. Why, then, does Parliament hesitate to turn itself temporarily into a Council of State? The transformation would relieve certain Labour Ministers of the



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embarrassing obligation to produce instalments of the millennium, would give Liberals the large share in administration proportionate to their ability instead of the miserable fraction proportionate to their numbers, and would educate the electorate into understanding the real business for which it sends members to the House of Commons.

As the opening date of the Naval Conference draws near, the magnitude of the task with which it has to deal becomes almost depressingly clear, and President Hoover's farewell message to the American Delegation, issued on Tuesday last, is a very timely reminder to the general public that the London discussions may not be completed for several months. Quite apart from the difficulty of deciding what ratio of tonnage should be allowed to Japan, France and Italy, various delegations may come forward with entirely new problems. Admiral Richmond's recent articles in *The Times*, for example, urging the building of very much smaller battleships, coupled with the dismay caused among naval experts of every country by the new features of the German 10,000-ton cruiser, may make discussions on capital ships even more important than those on cruisers themselves. The fact that Germany has the right, under the Versailles Treaty, to build six of these cruisers and the proposal for a Mediterranean Pact may quite possibly bring German and Spanish delegates to London before the Conference is over.

The view we expressed last week, that an agreement between France and Italy would be simplified if Spain were invited to attend the London Conference, appears not unlikely to be translated into action in the near future. It all depends whether or not the problem of the Mediterranean is excluded from the forthcoming discussions on naval disarmament. The recent revival of the Spanish navy, combined with the geographical position of Spain, will make it difficult to dismiss such a question in the absence of the representatives of a Power so deeply interested. Indeed, we shall be surprised if the Spanish Government do not address a request to the Five Powers for representation at the Conference, if and when the problem of the Mediterranean appears upon the agenda—which, incidentally, has yet to be drawn up. It is clear that Spain cannot be expected to acquiesce in any decisions affecting her interests in the formulation of which she has not taken part. In the circumstances it is probable that an invitation to Madrid to send delegates to the London Conference would bring the possibility of an international agreement considerably nearer.

It is, of course, true that to widen the scope of the Conference in this way is to run the risk of raising the claims of other states, such as Greece and Turkey, to representation, but it is not a serious danger. The United States and Japan are not interested in the Mediterranean, while the Italian Government has already committed itself to the principle that Great Britain, France, and Spain and, apart from Italy herself, the only Powers whose views need be taken into consideration. France, it is true, has displayed

on occasions a touching concern for Turkish interests, but we fail to see how M. Briand can press for the inclusion of any other Power than Spain, seeing that she alone was mentioned in the French memorandum. In short, there is little reason to suppose that the admission of Spain to the Conference would be utilized as a precedent for the invitation of other Powers, while the presence of her representatives would ensure that any agreement had the support of those principally concerned. The Spanish Government has so far given little indication of the line it intends to adopt, but if it does desire representation at the Conference, the presence of the other guardian of the Straits of Gibraltar might be not unwelcome to those who are anxious that British interests in the Mediterranean should not be jeopardized.

It is difficult to take much interest in the Second Hague Conference, for the haggling over such matters as to the date upon which the German monthly payments of reparations are to be made may, it is true, result in some slight loss or benefit to the taxpayer, but it goes ill with the fine sweeping statements politicians have made about the liquidation of the war. There have already been what in other circumstances would probably be called "words" between the French and German delegates, but it is quite safe to say that in no circumstances will either side allow the Conference to fail since they have so much to gain by its success. On the other hand, a great deal depends upon Count Bethlen, the Prime Minister of Hungary, who is still withstanding the pressure of the Little Entente Powers and may continue to do so, since the Peace Treaties, having robbed Hungary of 72 per cent. of her territory, leave her with virtually nothing more to lose. Although, as we pointed out last week, the problem of non-German reparations cannot be allowed to wreck the Conference, there is sufficient foundation for the argument that the Young Plan cannot be finally adopted without the consent of all the creditor powers to make the attitude of Count Bethlen the most important feature of the discussions at the Hague.

There can be no doubt that the behaviour of the King and Queen of the Belgians during the war won them far greater respect and affection than has been gained by any other Continental Royal Family, and although much less is heard nowadays of the House of Savoy, the tact shown by King Victor Emmanuel in very difficult circumstances has enlisted widespread sympathy. Even so, the interest shown the world over in the wedding which took place on Wednesday between Prince Humbert of Italy and Princess Marie José of Belgium would seem to indicate that monarchy is not necessarily a declining institution. At different times there have been suggestions to the effect that Italy would become a Republic even before the death of the present king. Obviously there are few countries in Europe about which it is more dangerous to venture a political forecast, but Prince Humbert would seem to have achieved such personal popularity that the monarchical system is now as safe in Italy as anywhere else on the Continent of Europe.



The Hague Conference on Reparations and the London Conference on Armaments have aroused so much attention that there is a tendency to overlook the fifty-eighth session of the League of Nations Council which meets in Geneva on Monday next. Rather fortunately the Agenda consists mainly of routine work, and the only political dispute—that between Hungary and Rumania over the Hungarian optants in Transylvania—may quite possibly be settled at the Hague instead of Geneva. For the first time Italy will be represented by her Foreign Minister, Signor Grandi, and already very unusual precautions have been taken to prevent any attack on him by Italian exiles or fascisti. One question likely to be followed with interest here will be the reply given to a recent request by the British Government that the League should send a Commission to Jerusalem to decide once and for all the question of the ownership of the Wailing Wall. Since the Mandates Commission is holding a special session in March to deal with the Palestine situation, the Council may take no immediate action. January 10 was the tenth anniversary of the birthday of the League of Nations—it was on January 19, 1920, that the Versailles Treaty, of which the League Covenant forms the first part, came into force—and the organization has no need to be ashamed of its progress since, in the short space of ten years, it has accustomed foreign ministers of the principal European countries to meet regularly with so little pomp and circumstance.

The decision of Messrs. Eno to place no advertisement of theirs where it would mar the beauty of the surroundings is warmly to be commended. Following on the similarly public-spirited decision of Shell-Mex and other important concerns, this marks a development which may proceed apace if only the public will encourage it. Beyond question, the firms which restrict their own liberty in regard to advertisement make a sacrifice. It rests with the public to see that the amount of that sacrifice is reduced to the minimum. We cannot urge people to buy poor articles merely because they are not blatantly advertised in beauty spots; but when the articles are good, the producers ought to be given speedy proof that their self-denial is appreciated by the consuming public. "Slogan" is a dreadful word in its commercial and journalistic uses, but we will take leave to suggest a "slogan"—"When you see a bit of country undefiled by glaring advertisements, think gratefully of those who have abstained from defiling it." At Oxford, a conference is to be convened on January 18 to deal with this question of ill-placed advertisements wherever they occur.

We deal with the prospect in India in a leading article. Here we will only ask a question too highly ingenuous to be posed by those who are in authority. Presently, there is to be a round-table conference of all those interested in India. The Princes of India are to be there, if they will condescend to commensality with the Indian politicians who traduce them; such Indian politicians as do not obey the Congress order to boycott all things British are to be there; and, of course,

this country is to be represented officially. But are ex-officials to be there? The builders may reasonably be supposed to have some interest in the future of that which they built. It may also be supposed that they know something about the breaking-strain of the materials. Burke taught that society was a partnership between all who had gone before us, ourselves, and our posterity. Are the veterans of Indian administration to be excluded from the official discussion of the Simon Commission's Report merely because they have retired? The Empire must be more rich in wisdom than we should estimate if it can afford to do without the consent of those who greatly helped in the making of it.

When Press magnates do agree, their agreement is such as melts the hearts of beholders. At the moment, Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere cannot cease from commending each other. We should think better of their violently developed friendship, however, if Lord Rothermere were not engaged in attacking Mr. Baldwin. It is the source and the character of the strongest attacks on him that prevent most of us from criticizing Mr. Baldwin with the freedom and frequency we should otherwise use. Whatever his limitations, he stands for things even more precious than success at the polls; and men and women who care for those things will not assist in removing him for the benefit of any Press magnate. The dislike of him by a certain type of journalist is easily understood. He will not lend himself to the activities in which they rejoice. He cannot be bargained with, bullied, or stunted. He is simply an obstruction, where Mr. Lloyd George, for instance, is of the greatest convenience whether as ally or as cockshy.

Our Agricultural Correspondent writes: "The Empire Marketing Board has been investigating the butters sold in British retail shops and will shortly issue a report on the subject. The position of English butter is rather a strange one. Most of the proprietary brands with which consumers are familiar suggest by their wrappers that they are English, but in reality they are not English at all. They consist of butters from New Zealand, Australia, Poland and Latvia—some good, others indifferent—blended together in England. Because the public believe blended produce is English butter, it commands a higher price than it would otherwise obtain. But the remarkable thing is that for all practical purposes there is no such thing as English butter. Here and there it can be got by individuals, and many farmhouses make their own. But the result of the industry being carried on in such minute units forbids any possibility of a national brand, and produces such a variable and undependable supply that every consumer would soon complain if he were able to get real English butter through the usual distributive channels. Thus we find imported butter selling at a fictitious price because it is popularly believed to be English, and this inflated price is made possible by the absence of English butter from the market and by the level quality of the imported that masquerades as home produced."

## THE CHANCES IN INDIA

THE bitterly wise jibe of war days does not apply to the British in relation to India. It is not a question of "all will be well if they hold out on the home front." The home front is being held calmly and firmly, irrespective of party. Some of the plainest speech on it has come from the present Under-Secretary for India, and we have very good reason for regarding his chief as sound on India in every essential. The men who chiefly count among the Socialists, whatever their theoretical preferences, are not disposed to make extravagant concessions to India under threats. The leading Liberals are not unmindful that it is an eminent Liberal who presides over the Simon Commission. Mr. Baldwin may be carried away on occasion by sentiment for his friend the Viceroy, or by his feeling for the romance of Indian history, but no one could suspect him of being the sort of man who yields to menaces of passive resistance, and the Conservative rank-and-file are faithful to the party's tradition in Indian affairs. The Press has been admirable. In short, all is well on the home front.

We cannot say as much for the front in India. The British non-officials in that country cannot individually have any illusions, but the organizations supposed to represent them are cutting sorry figures. Those who know the country tell us that the discrepancy between actual non-official British opinion in it and the resolutions passed by these organizations can be explained by the peculiar constitution of bodies that were not formed with a view to the duties they are now vaguely attempting to discharge. The one political organization is the European Association. This, under a slightly different title, was called into being at the time of the Ilbert Bill, and might roughly be compared with organizations of Europeans in countries where capitulations have been in force. Its original object was simply to preserve to all Europeans in India the right of trial before a white magistracy. When the Ilbert Bill controversy was at an end, the Association languished for years. It was revived, and greatly increased its membership, when Mr. Montagu began to meddle with the system under which India was being successfully governed. But it formulated no creed, enrolled members without regard to their attitude to Indian problems of the first importance, and was dominated by persons who had no political aptitude.

The Chambers of Commerce were never fitted to express opinion on any but economic questions, and in too many of them the leadership was given not to men selected on personal grounds but, in rotation, to representatives of prominent firms. The British-owned Press in India has generally been sound, but in one notorious instance has been weakened by unworthy editorship and in two or three others by a morbid dread of being called reactionary.

It is clear that India will not be saved by the non-official British organizations. The Services, though perplexed by the command to serve two masters, are sound enough; but more than nine-tenths of the men in them are the instruments of policy and not its framers. The Governments are divided in mind between the old policy of doing right, come what may, and the new policy of conciliating enemies at the expense of friends. We do not for a moment doubt that in an extreme crisis they would act resolutely; but in the long interval before matters are put to a test their grasp of the situation is weakening. The test will most likely be denied them. It was not the intellectuals of that period who produced the Indian Mutiny, and it is not a plain and violent challenge to British authority that we now have in prospect. What we have to expect is passive resistance accompanied by some hooliganism, inevitable punitive action by the Governments concerned, hysterical outcries against "repression," the sacrifice of some of the officials who have saved the situation, and the demoralizing feeling that the *jainéant* administrator is more likely to get promotion than he who grasps the nettle.

There remain to be considered those Moderates among Indian politicians whom, we are always being told, it is the business of this country to rally. The rallying process has been going on for more years than we care to reckon up, and with less effect than we could wish. Though some Moderates are no more than disguised Extremists, undoubtedly there are many whose character and ability entitle them to respect. But what is their power in India as a whole? If the participants in Indian politics, like those who share in politics here, included members of every class, the Moderates would doubtless be able to count on a solid backing. But in India the political life is lived by hardly any except the intellectuals, and among them the Moderates have little influence. Sympathy with the Indian Liberals who lately met at Madras, or with other such movements away from the Congress, must not blind us to the truth that it is the Congress that possesses most of the means of agitation, and that there is no Moderate with one-quarter of the personal influence enjoyed by Mr. Gandhi.

Again, we must not be misled by reports of the slowness with which Indian legislators who belong to the Congress are complying with the behest to resign their seats in the Councils. The boycott of the Councils is not the real danger. It would, indeed, be positively beneficial to the Councils to lose the doctrinaires and obstructionists contributed to them by Mr. Gandhi's friends. The real danger is civil disobedience, the threat of which is held over the Government. Not that civil disobedience could possibly be general, but it would at once produce disorder, and things have come to this pass in India that the suppression of disorder is reckoned a crime. We say plainly that civil disobedience on any considerable scale is bound to provide another Amritsar incident. Statesmanship here must avert that. It can do so by calm continuance with the task to which it set itself when the Simon Commission was appointed. There must be no thought of



concessions or reprisals. There must be nothing but quiet persistence in searching out what India needs and in supplying it to her. We do not want a witch-hunt for Extremists; but neither do we want bargains with Moderates at the cost of the masses for whom the British are trustees.

## WOMEN TEACHERS

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

ONE of the most striking anachronisms of modern times is the growing tendency to treat women teachers less generously than men. In almost every other profession and walk of life pressure is directed towards improving the salaries and status of women. This is not so in the case of teaching. In teaching, recent developments have led to a growing tendency towards injustice, in circumstances in which public comment is strangely ineffective.

It is not generally understood that the distinctions which have lately arisen in many localities between the employment of men and women teachers have only appeared during the last few years. It is true that the salaries paid to women teachers for their work have never been equal to those paid to men teachers for the same kind of work, but it is only since the control of education passed from those interested primarily in education—such as the members of School Boards—to the major local authorities, that the victimization of married teachers has begun.

It is often lightly assumed that local pressure, brought to bear to enforce by-laws by which married teachers are compelled to resign because they are married, is due to reactionary tendencies among the members of "conservative" local authorities. Such a belief misleads those who wish to give serious consideration to the conditions in which this problem arises. The local causes of the campaign for the dismissal of married women teachers is to be found in personal motives of a very mean and narrow kind. The campaign is one persistently carried on by "a type of person" who is actuated less by the cause of education than parochial jealousies and local and professional rivalries of a kind which it is difficult to name directly. There are some individuals, identified with no particular party but familiar on managing committees of schools and on local authorities, who use schools principally as a means for their political advertisement, and for keeping contented those adults by whose votes they achieve political recognition. If their attention is drawn to two salaries which find their way into the same home they grow enraged, and see the problem only in terms of the injustice done to others who are out of work. Thus they often win the support of a new group of voters. They have no patience when a woman teacher applies for leave for short periods in order to promote the interest of her own family life. They would penalize her; and their uncharitable spirit is directed only towards drawing the attention of discontented persons to the gap that is made in school organization on this account. This particular kind of figure is growing more and more familiar on managing committees and local authorities, and its pertinacious energy and callousness are becoming a formidable menace.

As a consequence of irregular agitation of this kind a number of local authorities have seen fit, in recent years, to pass by-laws which forbid the employment of married women teachers. The most detrimental effects of these by-laws have not yet been felt, because teachers already married are not affected, and so there will continue for some time to be a body of responsible married teachers in our schools. This agitation is, therefore, of a nature so difficult to

define that it is almost impossible to stop it at its source. Only wider aspects of the problem attract public attention.

No one wishes to dismiss these wider economic and "fair play" aspects without discussion. To stress them, however, performs, in a perverse manner, a disservice to the married woman teacher. The public is tolerably sick of such arguments, and refuses (with some ignorance of the many problems which education has to face) to believe that they are not now accepted by even the thickest skulls. Those who fall back upon them fail to rouse sympathetic attention for the hard cases which they cite.

The strongest arguments in favour of employment of women teachers must be sought, not in general principles, but in the special circumstances of education itself. The married woman teacher—as until recently was commonly recognized—performs a function in teaching which her unmarried counterpart is rarely competent to perform. To say that she becomes absorbed in her family life and neglects school welfare has been found again and again on examination of individual cases such as are brought to the attention of the N.U.T. to be an absurd and unproved contention, usually inspired by motives quite other than regard for educational efficiency. The contrary is in fact more often the case. The married woman teacher with children of her own seems to bring to her school a balanced attitude and dignity, a capacity for managing and understanding children of all ages that is not at any time possessed by steel-rim-spectacled maiden ladies who have never felt any more intimate domestic satisfaction than that of tying up Christmas presents for their nephews and nieces.

The tendency to debar women teachers from employment after marriage not only robs the teaching profession of a type of teacher which everyone agrees it would be the better for possessing. It as well affects the attitude of all women teachers towards their work. Steadily to strive towards limiting the employment of women teachers to unmarried women creates among women teachers a frivolous attitude towards their profession. When women are informed that their careers will be cut short by marriage it is not surprising that they take up professional life only as a means to "pin-money." Such an unserious attitude, which is quite common among American girl teachers, is now being encouraged by local authorities over here.

Moreover the drawbacks from which women teachers now suffer in comparison with men teachers are of such a nature that everything should be done in order to increase the prospects of women in their profession. A woman teacher who is expected to take on the same responsibility in regard to teaching as a male colleague begins her work at a salary considerably lower than a male, and so far as pay is concerned, is never expected to rise to be his equal. Under the scale of Burnham awards, where a man can earn £520 a year in London, a woman can only earn £420 a year, and in the provinces where a man can earn £480, a woman can only earn £384 in the earlier years. This discrepancy, though it appears to be less, is even more serious. It has wider insinuations than are usually attached to it, since it presupposes curtailments of liberties in the life of women as compared with men. It assumes that professional women will continue to reside in their homes long after the age at which a professional man is expected to have left his home. It presupposes also that every professional woman needs a little less money than a man to maintain the same standard of life. It is difficult to get away from the insinuation behind this discrepancy—that women are expected either to live at home or to become wives. In these circumstances it can scarcely be argued that they are aided towards a "serious" professional attitude when their salaries are paid to

them on the assumption that they need less to live on than do men, and when this salary is at the same time accompanied by a threat of loss of employment upon marriage.

This argument, however, though it should always be borne in mind can be carried too far. Actual equality of service between teachers, men and women, in fact, does not exist. This is no fault of women teachers. Their inability to handle boys at some ages is an obvious drawback in the nature of the problems with which they have to deal, and for which it is their misfortune and not their fault to suffer. The whole run of the professional ladder is, on account of this, not open to women as it is to men. Headships are not as readily given to women as to men. At a time when secondary schools are being made into mixed central schools, women teachers of long and distinguished services thus find their careers disturbed by public policy quite beyond their control. There are no mitigating circumstances in the difficulties which women have to face in regard to the hard facts of taking up teaching as a career. To add wantonly to their hard lot, as many local authorities now do, is a tendency which must in time undermine the teaching profession far more gravely than at the moment these bodies realize.

## THE STATE OF POLITICS AND THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY

By ANTHONY EDEN, M.P.

[This is the third article in this series. Captain Eden is M.P. for Warwick.—Ed. S.R.]

"IT is," Mr. Loder wrote in the course of his admirable article in the SATURDAY REVIEW of December 14, "no new idea that the only answer to Socialism is a wider distribution of property, and that the task of this country is to establish an economic democracy based on private ownership." Mr. Loder is, of course, perfectly right. The idea is not new, but it is important, it should be dominant in the work of the Conservative Party, and it is, unhappily, only too often neglected or overlooked. Whereas Conservatism should be working with concentration for the realization of this idea, our endeavours have only too often the appearance, if not the reality, of aimlessness. If the Conservative Party be indeed determined upon the objectives, it is singularly reticent in imparting the information to the nation, in giving to the English people the opportunity to fan the faint flicker of the Party's inspiration.

Mere opposition to Socialism is of no avail. Upon this we have been long agreed. There is no inspiration in a negative, and even the instinctive conservatism of the English people requires some more substantial sustenance. Still less is Conservatism a paler edition of a pink Socialism. We are not even travelling along the same road, or we should not be. This needs to be emphasized, for much of that lack of enthusiasm for Conservatism as a faith which is conspicuous to-day is due to the suspicion that Conservatism is only Socialism at a slower pace. If this be so, the country reasons, and reasons well, as well drink the hemlock at a gulp as in sips.

But, of course, this is not so. A Conservatism that is concerned with the creation of a property-owning democracy, whether that property be in trade, industry or land, which would stimulate it to the more vigorous creation of wealth to facilitate its wider distribution and its securer tenure, has nothing in common with a Socialism that would cumber industry with State control or bleed it by State monopoly. Whereas Conservatism is concerned with the creation of wealth, Socialism is concerned with its distribution.

It should therefore be the first concern of a Conser-

vative Government to further the prosperity of trade and industry. Not only does our national life depend upon it, but our incentive also, for no one wants an increasing interest in a crumbling concern. Upon a steady upward movement in industry, then, all else depends. The late Government did more to bring this about than is sometimes remembered. But unfortunately, though much of its work was good, and the cause in which it was done was also good, that cause was scarcely ever mentioned. What was the Conservative Government working to attain? We were scarcely ever told. The distant objective was shrouded in a mist, the more immediate means were sometimes unattractive if requisite. So was inspiration allowed to flag, while Socialism ever kept its gaily-decked pavilion in view. There it was at the end of the avenue, no mists were ever allowed to dull its gilded panels. The means of Socialism might be uncertain, the end was not, and few could tell at a distance whether the glitter were gold or tinsel.

The Conservative Party should, therefore, make use of this period of opposition to re-state to the country its ultimate objectives. It wants to secure the establishment in this country of a property-owning democracy upon the broadest and strongest basis realizable. Very well, it must then proceed to examine the broad lines of policy by means of which it hopes to see its ideal attained, taking care not to allow the ideal to be dimmed meanwhile. The restoration of prosperity to industry is the first of these objectives. To this end all energies must be bent, and for its service all weapons, whether Imperial, fiscal or monetary, must be examined, and those determined upon, furnished and made ready. Schemes of Social Reform, however attractive, must be rigorously relegated to the background until the greatest social reform of all has been achieved: assistance for the man at work so that the man now unemployed can take his place beside him. If we can achieve this and its realization would probably involve a ten-year programme—if so, do not let us be afraid to tell the country so—we should thus find, likely enough, that the reforms were no longer required since the growing wealth of a property-owning democracy had won them for itself. How much happier.

Here is some of the work to which Conservatism must set its hand. But it must bustle a bit. There are two real dangers ahead, and they are closely related. The first is that the formidable blundering of the present administration will make it unpopular at such a pace that it may be hurled from the seats of the mighty before the Conservative Party has ordered its own ranks, inscribed its banners afresh and unfurled them. It would be a misfortune little short of a calamity for the Conservative Party to be hurriedly restored to power on a reaction against the manifest failings of the present Government. It would be deplorable, but it may happen. The Conservative Party must command support for its own objectives, not be courted for the antipathies of its rival. The second danger, which becomes more real every week, is that the present Government may so injure national prosperity in its limited but intense orgy of prodigal extravagance that the task of the Conservative Government which succeeds it may exceed the constructive endeavour of even a five years' term, however well planned and sustained. Against this peril we have no redress, but it reinforces our duty not to loiter at our task so that when first the Liberal Party chances to stray unitedly into the same lobby against the Government, we may be ready not only with our votes in the lobbies, but, what is of infinitely greater significance, with our plans and purpose for the nation's future. So may we hope to see an England that is putting new effort into the creation of wealth, into the conquest of poverty by endeavour and not by spoliation, by courage and not by surrender.



## A YEAR OF BROADCASTING

OUR greatest popularizing force (potentially so, at any rate) has brought its seventh full year to a close. In those twelve months it has dealt with a huge mass of information, disseminating it from two opposite poles, the eclectic and the exclusive. This fact is worth noting. But now the existence of a smaller public than that of the man-in-the-street is recognized at Savoy Hill, and while the bulk of programmes rightly attend to the latter's wants an increasing amount of more specialized matter is provided for those who can assimilate facts and can trust to their own mental digestion to do the rest. A certain amount of "roughage," as the doctors call it, is now allowed to intrude itself among the finely compounded tabloid knowledge and the sweet paste of light music. This heightening of the quality of the programmes was one of the outstanding and welcome features of 1929.

In catering for the tastes of these two audiences the Corporation has endured much criticism. Each camp, imagining that it alone had a complete lien on the use of the microphone, has made its complaints. Such criticism is useful in exact ratio to its being backed by reasonable realization of facts and difficulties. Indeed, it may be said that from criticism such an organization as the B.B.C. draws light and air. By that means it is able to gauge how it stands with the two publics it is out to interest.

However, the purpose of this article is not criticism, but an attempt to survey the ground covered during 1929. The field is incredibly vast and crowded. Much I shall have to leave out, and every reader of these lines will be sure to find that his pet personal interest has been forgotten. I must ask his forbearance if, in endeavouring to make a proper synthesis, not of what I have liked the most but of what I, as one who, so to speak, has kept his hand on the pulse of broadcasting for the past year, sees as the most important events there, I offend by omission.

Controversy has had its bonds loosened, a most hopeful, heartening fact. This has enabled the arrangements of a series of 'Points of View,' introduced by Mr. Lowes Dickinson, and contributed to by Dean Inge, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells, Sir Oliver Lodge and Prof. Haldane. Another remarkable innovation has been the series of National Lectures. Fittingly the first lecturer to be asked to broadcast in this series was the Poet Laureate. He was followed by Prof. Eddington, who provided one of the intellectual thrills of the year in his discussion on 'Interstellar Space.' The third of these lectures was delivered by Prof. G. M. Trevelyan, with its subject, 'The Historical Aspect of the Union of England and Scotland in 1707.' Politics have been more freely broadcast during 1929, and in this the B.B.C. has had to weather a storm of criticism. Statistics, however, show that the three parties have been decently dealt with, and that whichever Government has happened to be in power, to it has gone an extra share of publicity.

Impossible to do more here than to signal the great number and excellent constitution of the Talks. Although these, including the News, only take up fifteen per cent. of London's programme time, it is surely here that a great deal of popularity is awakened. The year of Talks has been a fine one. Drama has made strides, and at last there are signs that a pure technique of radio-drama is being forged. 'Carnival,' 'Typhoon,' and the two 'Zenda' plays remain in the memory. More expressionistic drama, making special use of the

latest findings in the realm of wireless effect, were 'Squirrel's Cage,' and those intensely interesting and instructive activities of the experimentalists at Savoy Hill: the two "Kaleidoscope" productions (no need to mention the word "controversy" here!) and the National Programmes. These are clear signs that British Broadcasting is not likely to stay in the rearguard of wireless progress.

It is, perhaps, unjustifiable to leave to the last a consideration of a side of broadcasting which takes up seventy per cent. of the programme space of London's broadcasting, namely Music. The supremacy of Music as a broadcasting medium is acknowledged, so that any mention seems superfluous. And yet the last year has seen some wonderful things in that way. The Delius Festival, culminating in the performance of that composer's 'Mass of Life,' was given the wider publicity of wireless transmission. A feature of the autumn season was the inclusion of a weekly programme of the works of British composers at the Promenade Concerts. An admirable series of Symphony Concerts has been undertaken by the B.B.C. The Chamber Music concerts of works by contemporary composers still persist, in the teeth of opposition, to uphold the Corporation's hardly-won reputation for justice to both publics. Finally, this year had seen the appearance of a National Chorus, which bids fair to surpass anything London has had before, and to equal our much-vaunted Northern choirs. The series of broadcast operas has benefited greatly by the presence of this fine body of trained chorists.

No survey, however short, could leave unmentioned two facts about broadcasting in 1929. One is the first sign of appreciation of the need to include discussion of plastic and pictorial art among the talks. The way in which the Italian Exhibition has been heralded seems to point to a fresh policy here. The other is the foundation, again despite much controversy, of the new weekly, the *Listener*.

There remains the other main aspect of wireless progress, the technical, and for that the reader is advised to go to the admirable 'B.B.C. Yearbook for 1930' (The B.B.C., Savoy Hill, 2s.). Therein may be found full discussion of all problems of transmission and reception. The manifold activities of British broadcasting are detailed, and the full tale of wireless happenings for 1929 made available in handy form.

CONDOR

## THE SCOT: A REJOINDER

BY AN ENGLISHMAN

[In our issue of November 2, 1929, we published an article dealing with certain aspects of the Scottish character. Since then we have printed a wealth of correspondence on the subject. This correspondence is now closed by the following article.—ED. S.R.]

MY article on a Scottish national habit produced no essential correction but, as I expected, a flood of correspondence, which is a just tribute to the keenness of the Scottish national spirit. There would be no such reply by the English to a criticism of the English character. The English prefer to run themselves down rather than to claim superiority in anything, and they have not that pride in ancestry which belongs to the Scot, and particularly, the Highlander. I think it true in the main to say that Scotland has been for years better educated than England and still retains that superiority, because it

shows a keenness wanting in the Southron. I deprecate, however, all comparative lists of great men and achievements. It is to me meaningless and unbecoming to size up genius and outstanding ability as if for a college examination, putting, say, Burns against Shakespeare and Scott against Dickens, or eight men of science against another eight. Birth may be a mere matter of accident; training may have been won here or there; Scots may do their best work in England and Englishmen in Scotland. So far as the ordinary material standards of success go, the Scots have probably the best record.

Recently I noticed seventy or so Mackintoshes in 'Who's Who.' But one may go a little deeper than that and observe that the Scot exercises his intellectual powers more remarkably than the Englishman. I noticed that in my article, quoting Sir Walter, and any feeling of soreness about the recognition of Scottish ways and ability may surely be soothed by thinking of the triple Scottish conquest of England typified by whisky, golf and Prime Ministers.

The Scot insists on thinking aloud and arguing. He will refine and make exceptions which do not occur to the Southron, as in the verdict of "not proven" in murder trials and the case of the shopkeeper who advertised not "Fresh Eggs," but "Eggs as fresh as possible." He is proud of his ability to do this and rightly proud. I say with Horace, *Sume superbiam quasitam meritis*, ("Be proud of honour due to worth allowed,") but I add, be gracious enough not to claim it. If the Scot overdoes his disputation sometimes, he might justly complain that the Englishman commonly underdoes it. The vague and fragmentary style of English talk, which supposes much to be known to the hearer that is not, is often irritating. We seem somehow to be afraid of being sensible in our remarks, taking all that for granted. The other day a Scot I had met once said to me, "Waste not, want not," and I expect to walk several hundred miles before I get such a warning from one of my nation. Something between the English stolidity and the incoherence relieved by occasional monosyllables and the perfervid and vocal morality of the Scot seems the ideal. Fortunately there are many families which mingle the Celt and the Anglo-Saxon, and in my experience such blood is very frequently associated with high ability. Genius is a thing so rare that it can be left out of the discussion; it is a gift above national character; it makes a man a citizen of the vast world and uncomfortably ahead of it.

The rougher climate and harder life of Scotland and the absence of an aristocratic tradition, as thoughtful correspondents have suggested, have something to do with the Scottish success and also the Scottish indifference to the graces. But as no one to-day bothers about the graces and we have in England no genuine aristocracy to speak of, the Scot might be less sensitive about his supposed handicaps. We English welcome him instead of sneering like Johnson, and thank him for stories he probably invents against himself. But we wish him to understand that we are not so wanting in intellectual power as we may seem. We care much less about talking: that is all. There can be no thought of embittered rivalry, but friendly criticism which makes for understanding is surely preferable to the arrogance which suggests that the English view is negligible.

And the Irish? I have heard that that wicked, intriguing and delightful people gave the bagpipes to the Scots for a joke and the Scots have not found it out yet. That is the sort of thing that the Irish would maintain, but I cannot deal with them at the end of an article. Somebody else should dwell on their amazing make-up and the defects of their qualities. The discipline of Rome, which, I suspect, has a good deal to do with English taciturnity, never reached them. They are still play-boys, infinitely amusing and at times sadly dangerous.

## ON GARDENERS AND GARDENER-WORSHIP

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

THE world is full of bogeys. Some of us fear one bogey, some another; the boldest of us fear a great many, and I have yet to meet the man who fears none. Now the most remarkable thing about the bogey is that it is not really a bogey. It is a bogey only so long as you believe it to be. One man's bogey is another man's hobby-horse: one man's bosom friend is another man's bogey. It is all a matter, like so many things nowadays, of relativity. Your bogey differs in this from your bishop or your postman. You may disbelieve in the Bishop of London: it will make no difference to the Bishop. You may assert loudly and with perfect conviction that your postman is not a postman: he will bring your letters none the less and the Postmaster-General will continue to pay him his wages. But the moment you cease to believe in your bogey he ceases to be a bogey, like the King and Queen of Hearts in 'Alice in Wonderland.'

For years I walked in terror of the Policeman Bogey, and it is only in recent times that I have discovered that the formidable blue upholstery of office disguises a race of amiable, long-suffering, and informative men and youths.

A very potent family of bogeys presides over Education. As a boy, I stood in especial awe of three: one was called Greek, another Latin, another Mathematics, and there were many others besides these. My instructors led me to believe that Greek and Latin were languages that it was impossible ever to master; indeed they proved it to me as nearly as they could by teaching me both languages for over ten years and leaving me at the end of the time quite unable to take up a Greek or Latin author and read him through with ordinary ease. Yet I know now that if I were to spend six weeks on either language I could easily learn more of it than I was taught at school in ten years. As for Mathematics, I know that if I cared now to attack the Calculus, that bugbear of my later teens, I could give it a very nasty round or two. But it would be absurd for me to do so. The Calculus does me no harm: it never comes my way. As far as I am concerned, it is a sleeping bogey, and there are so many other bogeys that are wide awake that it is wiser, I find, to let sleeping bogeys lie. If I exploded the Calculus I should still have to explode the atom. No: in casting out bogeys, as in all else, it is better to be practical. Knight-errantry for the mere sake of knight-errantry has been out of fashion since the days of Cervantes.

During the past year I have exorcised a very powerful bogey before which I had bowed for years in utter abjection. The bogey in question is the Gardener. I had always believed the gardener to be a wizard. By a mysterious juggling with soil, seeds, and the curious shapes of wood and steel which he calls his "tools," the gardener, I had always supposed, produced flowers, fruit, and vegetables out of empty air. He was, for me, just as much of a genius as your Beethovens and your Brahmses who create Sonatas and Symphonies and String Quartets out of nothing at all.

Like every other bogey, the gardener has taken the wise precaution to hedge himself round with an imposing outfit of dogma and ritual and the great books on gardening which are his theology. Gardening, like other religions, has its blasphemies, heresies and schisms. A horrible heresy raised its head in Sussex only last summer, when a gardener who had hitherto led a blameless life was led away by a village free-thinker to assert that cucumbers should be grown like peas, climbing up sticks. And he not only asserted it: he went so far as to plant a cucumber and give it a



pea-stick to climb up—went off, in fact, and founded a new heretical church—and the most lamentable part of the story is that the cucumber itself aided and abetted him and at once abandoned its procumbent nature, displaying without assistance prodigies of climbing, and reaching out long green prehensile fingers towards twigs many inches away, for all the world like a monkey at the Zoo. The whole thing caused great pain to the orthodox, and it is only too likely that, just as to-day we use the Armistice as a date of reference, so we shall in future refer to the year of the Great Cucumber Schism.

I believed, I have said, that the gardener produced garden produce out of thin air, but when I said that, I was understating my credulity. I believed that he produced it in the face of the ceaseless opposition of season, seed and soil. The garden, for me, was a grim battlefield on which season, seed and soil were pitted against the gardener, and single-handed the gardener beat them. Is there any wonder that I felt there was something superhuman about the man?

But a few months ago my gardener abandoned me and I was left to shift for myself. From that day I began to find the gardener out. The first thing that happened was that I was given some plants and I planted them. It seemed a foregone conclusion that they would die. I wasn't a gardener, so I had no business to be planting plants. I knew enough about plants not to plant them upside down, but no doubt in more subtle ways, I told myself, I was in my ignorance doing things just as outrageous from the point of view of the gardener and of the plants. And yet, would you believe it, those plants bloomed—bloomed and, in fact, went on blooming much longer than ordinary plants. I was so encouraged by this astonishing event that a kind of madness came over me and I went and sowed some seeds. Of course I never for a moment supposed that anything would come of it. After all, in the case of the plants it had been a qualified gardener who had given them to me. It was he who had sowed the seeds they sprang from: the miracle had been accomplished before I came on the scene. But to my utter amazement my seeds came up. I thinned them out and they turned into small plants: I pricked the plants out, expecting every moment to see them drop dead, and they thrived. It seemed as if they were determined to flourish in spite of all I could do to check them. The bogey had now dropped, in my mind, from a first-class demon to something not much better than a poor fellow with an aptitude for table-turning. Then came the day when I wanted to fill a gap in a flower-bed. I declared my intention of transplanting into the gap a large clump of Phlox already in bud. The gardener to whom I mentioned it smiled indulgently. "November or early spring's the time to move 'em," he said, and his tone was so indulgent, so fatherly, that I thought for a moment that he was going to pat me on the head. "You see, you can't fly in the face of Nature, Sir, not with plants."

A friend who was a notable amateur agreed. "Between you and me," he said, and he spoke low and looked about him before he spoke, "you can do a lot of things that would scandalize an expert, but you'll kill that Phlox if you move it."

Well, what I did was to wait till my friend the gardener and my friend the amateur were out of sight, and then quite simply to fly in the face of Nature and move the Phlox. And the Phlox never turned a hair: I am inclined to think that it never even knew I had moved it. And yet that gardener and that amateur go about the village to-day, looking the whole world, like the Village Blacksmith, in the face, without the smallest suspicion that the game is up. They don't know that I have seen through them; indeed—and this is the really horrible part of the thing—they haven't even reached the point of seeing through themselves.

Now, when a gardener says to me, with that look of profound wisdom which gardeners always assume, "I'm growing a fine lot of tomatoes this year," I laugh in my sleeve. It is all I can do to resist the temptation to abandon the absurd conspiracy of silence and exclaim, like Tartarin in the Alps: "Connu, mon vieux!" For I know perfectly well that he is *not* growing tomatoes, that if there is any growing being done it is the tomatoes themselves who are doing it, and as for my friend the gardener, he's only a pathological case, a deceiver of himself and others, one of the most pitiable of men.

## NOT ALL A DREAM

BY GERALD GOULD

SINCE the rumour seems to have got about that I am not always wholly serious, let me say first, in this essay, that here at least nothing facetious will be found. I want to describe an experience, rare, though happily not unique, in my own remembrance, possibly common in the lives of others. It may, for all I know, be susceptible of psychological or physiological explanation. It may throw light on something or suggest comparisons.

Like Byron, "I had a dream, which was not all a dream." Unlike Byron, I cannot recall its images. Rather it was as though, on the one hand, the veil drawn by sleep between consciousness and unconsciousness became suddenly thin, so that I could actually enjoy, and be aware of enjoying, a state of mind and body: while, on the other hand, that different and even more mysterious veil, which curtains off the eternal and unimaginable light of truth from the darkness of apprehension, had also melted into thinness, and allowed the light to shine through. I had the sensation of knowing something, for good and for sure; and that sensation of knowledge stayed with me after I awoke, though I knew not what it was that I knew.

I have read many essays on dreams, and of them all the most illuminating was Robert Louis Stevenson's, for it did not attempt to interpret. How far dreams are in fact interpretable, it would be impertinent here to enquire: the meanings attached to so-called symbols have never convinced me. It may be that dreaming is a form of prophecy, but I do not think so. Apparently it is often a form of memory, but that tells us little. I once knew a man who claimed to be able to dream dreams of his own choosing; one had merely, he said, to concentrate on the desired subject for a few moments before slumber, and the night would then be filled with those fairy-tale delights which normally haunt—and baffle—the waking fancy. This was to give day-dreams the substance of night-dreams, and make certain that half of life should be happy. Only I could never manage it myself.

It so happened that, before my peculiar experience, I had been going through a time of great anxiety. My nights had been short and broken. Everybody is acquainted with the air of strain and unreality which hangs over a house in which somebody lies grievously ill. I do not dwell upon that: it is not of the stuff of essay-writing. I mention it only because it may bear upon what

followed. I slept at last in freedom from anxiety—I think dreamlessly. I woke up when it was fully light, looked out of the window at a grey, misty morning, and went to sleep again. And it was then that the thing happened.

I cannot explain it by pictures. I cannot say that I dreamt of alleys cool with wind and warm with sunshine, between banks of flowers, alive with the song of birds. That picture was in the dream, and so were many others: a wide stretch of calm sea, a pattern of beckoning roads, the whole landscape of romance. But sounds were more impressive than sights, though not more definite. There was the ecstasy of music without its form, just as there was a sense of gardens and seas and distances without their shapes. The trouble about music in real life—as, indeed, about everything human—is that it continually implies its own dissolution. Every time that the theme recurs, in whatever relation of sounds, the very sense which grasps with avidity the reiteration-amid-novelty, the identity-in-difference, is also saying: "This cannot be kept up, this cannot reach beyond itself into eternity, it is trying to say something which, in the temporal world, can never wholly, permanently and satisfyingly be said." Well, my experience in brief was this—the theme without the reservations! The thing was said. There was no threat of brevity or conclusion: the sense of effort had gone out of the world. I awoke with a conviction that all was utterly and for ever well. I need scarcely say that the conviction has not lasted.

It was not the sort of material that one would expect to wear. Yet it did not perish instantaneously. On the contrary, it cast a mild radiance forward along the hours, so that for a while I was perfectly and unreasonably happy.

I have had similar experiences, suggesting the revelation of spiritual harmonies, before; but, as I have mentioned, rarely. Do other people have them, and more frequently? What do they amount to, what do they mean? Are they a leading of us up the garden, fresh indeed with flowers and musical with birds and bees, but hedged at the end with nescience and nonentity? I remember that once, as a small child, in the midst of solitary play in the summer fields, I was suddenly aware of the breaking down of barriers and the speaking out of truth. I remember, also, that it did not make me in any way a less objectionable child. Was that moment a flash of the Heaven which is supposed to lie about us in our infancy, a golden shadow of the cloud of glory? And, if so, what is it doing now with an adult of singular ingloriousness?

There needs no doctor to tell me that in some way—probably a way which, to the doctor, is easily explicable in terms—I had immediately returned from a state of abnormal strain and fatigue to a better state; but this leaves unilluminated the central peculiarity. It is very nice to get well after being ill; we have all done it a number of times, and appreciated it; but it has not given us an unspeakable and astonishing happiness. Nor can a diagnosis in medical language explain ecstasy, any more than the science of biology can explain the mystery of life. There may be—there must be—a physiological cause: a cause, perhaps, almost absurd in its simplicity. Can one jolt a lobe of the brain in turning, or come to taste the

springs of life by means of palpitation against the brain-pan? I am a child in these matters: I know only that the scientific explanation never explains. The wonder, the happiness, was the reality. And I should like to learn what it meant.

Was it a message from what is called the Beyond? Was it some angelic assurance of ultimate well-being? Or was it purposeless, isolated, insignificant? It is, I suppose, the kind of experience which has in the past turned ordinary men into saints; but it has not had that effect on me. And I am glad; for somehow I do not think I should be good at sanctity.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims, responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

### 'OUR NEW RELIGION'

SIR,—How shall we believe that Mrs. Eddy, acute founder of a great "commercial" enterprise, deliberately selected, to "run the business," a cipher like Mr. Fisher's picture of little Eddy, "agent for sewing-machines"—a spineless creature who obviously was of the type that couldn't manage a wheel stall? One of the bright examples of the penetration of the scholar that, as your reviewer has noted, abound in Mr. Fisher's book.

I cannot call myself a Christian Scientist; but, since even Oxford must see (if only on its body-belted travels) that righteous living makes for harmony in human affairs, who shall say that there is not a wholly righteous principle of living? Has it been left to Mr. Fisher to decree how far righteousness may go? It is quite beyond our ex-Minister of Education (among whose writings I have not chanced to see any that establish that education educates) to demonstrate that there is not, in that simple premise, "Good is All," everything that we are looking for.

But let us say that is drivell, and ask, "Is there unassailable ground for belief in the worthlessness of the Fisher lampoon as a whole?" And straightway we get the answer (proof against all the assaults of all the generalissimos of "learning")—that merchants with rich fabrics to offer never have either the time or the inclination to decry the shoddy of the cheap-jacks. And now we see (or have not eyes to see) that there *cannot* be anything but the worst sort of vanity in attacks on faith; that we must let our own light shine, and leave it at that—or know that no man of worth honours us—that our platform verily is the columns of the baser Sunday papers (and surely anything before that!).

If that is not erudite enough for the scholars, then what the scholars lack is that without which no man may know anything worth knowing—humility. To very many of us it is erudite enough to seem to be all that men may know. And it bears a close family resemblance to Mrs. Eddy's "Good is All"! (The Christian Scientists never attack. They deserve our humble thanks for revealing anew the fallacy of conversion by assault.)

Even if it be admitted that the "Scientists" owe their cures and the rest, not to understanding, but to belief of understanding—even then they (by "delivering the goods") beat the schoolmen, whose massed lore is powerless to remove the chronic "auto-intoxication" ("drunkenness at the wheel"! ) from which, of course, they all suffer (what is any highbrow without his morning aperient—glorious emblem of the



victory of rationalism?)—even then they beat the schoolmen in one thing of importance to the world. (Or is it of no importance that vile innards drive men to spill gall in three volumes and call the stuff "Philosophy"?)

Since attacks on its discoverer have no more power to shake Christian Science than attacks on Columbus have to dissolve the continent of America, the next assault must be on the creed alone. I shall risk the prophecy that the one after that shall be on neither prophetess nor creed, but a massed attack of the blind "Fishers" on their own harvestings from a dead sea—perishable "fruit" that by them will (to the joy of the sanitary inspectors everywhere) be too advanced even for them!

I am, etc.,

"NAME NO MATTER"

SIR,—In your issue of December 21 an article appears by Evelyn F. Heywood reviewing the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher's book, 'Our New Religion,' dealing with Christian Science. In this article the statement is made that Mrs. Eddy claimed the re-discovery of Christianity as taught in the Gospels. Mrs. Eddy, however, in a letter published in a Lynn newspaper in 1871, gave full credit to Dr. Quimby. She was answering questions put by a prospective student, and the original replies to the questionnaire in Mrs. Eddy's handwriting are still extant. For the information of your readers, may the following be quoted?

#### Question 6:

Has this theory ever been advertised or practised before you introduced it, or by any other individual?

#### Answer:

Néver advertised, and practised by only one individual who healed me, Dr. Quimby of Portland Maine, an old gentleman who had made it a research for twenty-five years, starting from the standpoint of magnetism, thence going forward and leaving that behind. I discovered the art in a moment's time and he acknowledged it to me; he died shortly after and since then, eight years, I have been founding and demonstrating the science . . . please preserve this and if you become my student call me to account for the truth of what I have written.

Signed M. M. B. GLOVER (EDDY)

It is only fair that credit should be given to Dr. Quimby where it is due.

I am, etc.,

BUREAU OF INFORMATION,  
THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PARENT CHURCH  
Victoria House, HENRY JAPP,  
Southampton Row, W.C.1 Manager

#### CRITICS' MALPRACTICES

SIR,—May I have space in your columns to make a small protest against an irritating habit which seems to me to be becoming more and more prevalent in the works of reviewers and literary critics? The practice to which I allude is that of making sly and mysterious references to certain sayings and doings of celebrated authors and others without being bold enough clearly to elucidate the matters in question.

I yield to no one in my admiration for the writings of your contributor "Stet," but in order to make my meaning clear, I should like to refer to his article, 'Past and Present—VIII,' published in your issue of January 4. In the course of that article he wrote: "For wise naughtiness I know of nothing that surpasses Swinburne's (unquotable) advice to Rossetti about revisions of the text of 'Jenny.'" Now to those (and I suppose they form the great majority of your readers) who have no inside means of knowing what it was that Swinburne said to Rossetti, that sentence of "Stet's" is maddening. It titillates our

imaginations without satisfying them and probably leads us into unjustified and inaccurate speculations.

Further on in the same article, referring to Rossetti's 'Ballad of Jan van Hunks,' which is the real subject of his essay, "Stet" writes: "The humour is by no means such as, denied the public, rejoiced Rossetti's intimates." Here exactly the same criticism applies. No doubt Rossetti's humour did rejoice his intimates, but to the unprivileged public, or such of them as are readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, it is exasperating to hear of this secret joking and not to know what it is all about.

The above are only two of many instances which I have personally noticed in a number of periodicals; but in order to show that I bear "Stet," in particular, no ill will, I should like to mention another example of the same practice, which occurred almost at the same time in the leading article on 'Henry Kingsley' in *The Times Literary Supplement* of January 2. In that article the anonymous author refers to Henry Kingsley's exuberance at Oxford and then in the following terms to what he appears to regard as the cardinal event in the latter's life: "It is not surprising that in 1853 happened a real row. Its nature has never been revealed, though it may perhaps be surmised; but it was a bad row and rumour says that Charles came to the rescue in person and with cash. The debts (or hush money) were paid; the scapegrace vanished to Australia, without a degree. A proper scandal." Dealing with the period of 1868, the writer then says: "Most tragically, but at the same time most probably—this the novels themselves suggest—the old habits began creeping back." Later on in respect of 1874 he writes: "Social ostracism was now complete"; and finally he refers to Henry Kingsley's "worship of the beauty of boyhood and young manhood (quite apart from whatsoever it may have of bearing on the initial disaster and subsequent troubles of his life)." Now as regards Henry Kingsley's "initial disaster" the author of the article admits that its nature has never been revealed, but it is obvious that he has some definite idea in his mind of the particular sort of thing that happened. As to the "subsequent troubles," he leaves it doubtful whether or not he has any reliable information. But it will be plain from the extracts from the article which I have given (and they are the only relevant extracts) that the one thing the anonymous author does not do is to say outright what he thinks or knows. He prefers to proceed by what, I suggest, is the objectionable and unsatisfactory method of hinting and insinuating.

The practice in question is analogous to one which is recognized as inartistic and obnoxious by all sincere actors and stage-managers—the private joke between performers on the stage. If a critic (or a biographer either, for that matter) wishes to refer to something which was said or done by an author, other than a universally known event in his life or a familiar quotation from his published work, let him say exactly what he means, or if, for one reason or another, whether of law or social convention, he has not the courage to adopt that course, let him keep silence on the whole matter and not trouble readers with his obscure innuendoes and oblique references.

Most of us were taught in our youth that it is bad manners to whisper before company. Some of the critics of to-day seem to be in danger of forgetting this good counsel.

I am, etc.,

CHARLES RIDDELL WILLIAMS  
Garrick Club, W.C.2

#### THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY

SIR,—None of the members who write in your journal about Conservative policy seem to realize that in the eyes of their former supporters they have

betrayed liberty and property and almost every principle, of public economy and political wisdom. The Labour bark is not so bad as its bite and at least one knows the worst of it. Some good may also come of it, as within its ranks there is some room for the intelligence which is like a bad smell to the Conservative nose.

I am, etc.,  
E. S. P. HAYNES

9 New Square,  
Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2

#### SAFETY FIRST

SIR,—A large number of serious accidents—many of them fatal—have occurred during recent weeks in which pedestrians on the pavements have been run into by motor vehicles (of various types) that have mounted the kerb.

Is it not, therefore, an opportune moment to suggest that our kerbs should be raised? By this I mean that the kerb along our principal roads should be formed into a veritable solid parapet, say some eighteen inches higher than the roadway. At intervals there could be "gaps" with a step or two, or a slope, so that people could cross the road.

I am, etc.,  
"TOURNEBROCHE"

#### "SURNAME"

SIR,—In researches among ancient parish registers and documents, I find that the word surname, is frequently spelled *surname*.

This leads me to suggest that instead of the usual supposed origin of the name from the French *sur* (surplus) meaning over and above the necessary appellation, it really means *sir* or *sirename*, i.e., the patronymic.

I am aware that my suggestion is quite a novel one; but perhaps your readers may either refute or support it.

I am, etc.,  
J. P. BACON PHILLIPS

Burgess Hill, Sussex

#### OPTIMIST—PESSIMIST

SIR,—Since no one has responded to Mr. L. P. Hartley's invitation to readers to provide a definition of an optimist which would also apply to a pessimist, I venture to submit one that occurred to me twenty years ago in India while watching a game of bridge, the temperature at the time being well over 100 degrees in the shade: "An optimist (or pessimist) is one who, at the close of his life, orders a pack of asbestos playing-cards to be placed in his coffin."

I am, etc.,  
O. H. T. DUDLEY

Haye Leigh,  
Duffield Road, Derby

#### SCHOOLMASTERS AND MEN

SIR,—*"Stet"* wields so sharp a literary weapon that it is with fear and trembling I venture even to "hint a fault or hesitate dislike" in regard to anything he writes. But when he says, "Culverley's worst work seems nicely designed to provoke the thin-lipped merriment of schoolmasters rather than the mirth of men," I cannot help thinking that the temptation of antithesis has made him unjust to a class. The immortal Father O'Flynn said: "Cannot the clergy be Irishmen too?" and I ask: Cannot schoolmasters be men, and is schoolmasters' laughter *sui generis*?

I am, etc.,  
A. J. P.

#### AMERICAN WATER-TAXIS?

SIR,—Why is the London County Council considering an American built and American engined boat for the Thames water-taxi? What has happened to our army of unemployed—have they suddenly vanished? What is wrong with our leading boat-building yards (two, at least, have proved their superiority to American builders), who have ample scope for the job. Why must we go to America when our boats are as cheap and more stoutly built, while the machinery is well-known to be much more dependable? Let the L.C.C. open both eyes and go "all out" for British craft.

I am, etc.,  
J. DOUGLAS McDONALD

52 Lovel Avenue,  
Welling, Kent

#### ART

#### THE ITALIAN FESTIVAL—II

BY WALTER BAYES

Exhibition of Italian Art. Royal Academy.

I AM surprised at Mr. Low, whom one might have imagined too much of an artist to utilize Botticelli's picture for the purpose of a quite vulgar cartoon. I have seen two other similar outrages already. That is how this generation treats works of art when they are thrust on its notice. As an Albert Hall reveller exclaimed (in surprise at a fantastic animal to which its makers had given some quality of design), "How wonderful! *we must smash it.*" Indeed, when I remember that the most vulgar of these caricatures of the Botticelli served to advertise a motor spirit, I ought not to be surprised. Was it not a great firm of car manufacturers who used the delicate prose of the twenty-third Psalm for the purpose of heavy and pointless parody? It seems to be an axiom with people engaged in this industry that they have to appeal to a race of half-wits.

Not that I mean to suggest that pictures should not be caricatured. I recall delightful examples of such wickedness by (I think) Carlsø, but then the caricatures themselves had style and technical beauty. On the other hand, *Punch*, some years back, published (I think) a Christmas number and, alas, in colour, which represented perfectly the familiar point of view that to make something very ugly out of something reputed as beautiful constitutes already an acceptable jest. "How wonderful," the *Punch* draughtsmen seem to have said, "We must smash it"—a deplorable state of mind, and, now I think of it, hardly credible in artists. They must have been ordered to the job by some bright literary gentleman. So, doubtless, Mr. Low to whom, nevertheless, I need hardly apologize; for a man who, at his hours, is so funny, need not have been so obedient.

A deplorable state of affairs indeed, and yet there is a healthy iconoclasm which is probably the most valuable return the artist can make to those who have organized this princely gift—mainly for his benefit. For the true connoisseur already knows these pictures like the fingers on his hands, having seen most of them again and again in their native setting—has, indeed, small opinion of the painter's critical weight should the latter confess to the inferior advantages which, of course, the poverty proper to his profession make inevitable. For no one values his opinion enough to send him on the Grand Tour to record his impressions.

I see in the crowds pouring into Burlington House none of the crass barbarism of the Albert Hall



reveller. They behave rather as though they were in church (it is, perhaps, all those Madonnas) and, broadly speaking, doubtless that is the becoming attitude so only it spring from the beauty of the pictures, not from the incantations repeated a little by rote, of the attendant priesthood. Practising artists are the one class unmoved by this ritual (there may be a few, indeed, who are moved to fury) and now that the Grand Tour has come to us, I hope we shall not be so abashed as necessarily to "sing seconds" to the escorting choir, but realize the occasion as one, rather overdue, for the revision of established reputations. It was, perhaps, a realization of this which led its organizers, even as they invited us, to stress the financial weight behind them—as who should say "Please come, but do try to realize how little anything you may say matters."

The foregoing, as an exhortation to my confrères, is more important than any attempt I can make here to satisfy it as a programme. Circumstances, i.e., the fact that the obedient crowd always fills the first rooms first, make an exhaustive review of the small pictures at the beginning of the Show an act of extravagant conscientiousness. They do not convince me that the painters of the Sienese School had any positive qualities which the Florentines had not even more fully, though they doubtless lacked completely many of the virtues of the latter and thus display the power of getting very excited over not very much, which makes them akin to ourselves. There are large examples of early painters, of course, which cannot travel, there are very large later paintings which travel with difficulty. Tintoretto, in spite of the presence of his 'Adam and Eve' (343), admired, overestimated, indeed, surely by Ruskin, makes no great showing. Here again narrative design, lovely as it may be in fashionable esteem, is the real source of greatness. Portraiture is no adequate substitute, nor the fluent handling of nudes the plastic intention of which is largely defeated by a background in which they are, after all, a trifle embedded. Giorgione also must rank as disappointing, the portrait of a man (155), from Budapest, showing the smooth finish of a student without the trained sense of form needed to maintain vitality beneath the smoothness. 'The Tempest,' lent by Prince Barbarelli (156), the 'Trial of Moses,' from the Uffizi (154), are both pretty toys made up of inlaid morceaux which might conceivably be moved about without serious loss to ensemble which has no deep-seated or well-knit structure. Neither Giorgione nor Titian, I think, will command from modern painters the admiration provoked by Giovanni Bellini's beautiful 'Pietà' (144) from the Municipal Museum at Rimini. The half-transparent, delicately-fingered web of paint seen in this picture is more hopelessly beyond the power of contemporary painting than the bloomlike, more opaque use of tempera shown in the Botticelli 'Venus' and, truth to say, splendid as the latter design is, it looks rather a piece of showy display beside the sincerity and simplicity, a little sentimental, if you will, of the *Pietà*.

Humanly, Mantegna's dead Christ (140), from the Brera, is as impressive, though a crowded gallery forces us constantly to see it too close. Its perspective is calculated for a very considerable distance as though it were a fragment of a very large picture and it is, perhaps, rather a reflection upon its design to say that it looks much finer if you think of it as a fragment. That it does not quite satisfy as a complete picture is due, perhaps, to the failure definitely to divide the foreshortened body into "phrases" of form so that foot and ankle make an episode behind which are knee and thigh, then pelvis and ribs. The tightness which insists on a surface continuity in the form of folds has for result that we see no unit inter-

mediate in size between the silhouette of the figure as a mass and the shapes of those folds. It thus does not effectively foreshorten for all its learning.

When the first four galleries are impracticably congested, the visitor, resigned to the fact that in an exhibition of such scale accident must in some degree dictate what he is to see, will find some fine pictures in some of the relatively less popular rooms: I would indicate the fine Bronzino portrait (742) from the Kaiser Friedrich Museum and would suggest a visit to the sculptures. There is something, after all, in seeing the original bronzes of the great little masterpieces of Donatello and Verocchio (908 and 910) and the smaller sculptures in the South Rooms are an exhibition in themselves. Perhaps here our delight is rather in the brilliance of finished work in bronze as such than for any one work in particular, but the resource and variety of the collection is enthralling. The famous 'Hercules and Antæus' (941), deserves its reputation as a masterpiece of unscrupulous vigour. The catalogue describes its "original base with lion's paws for feet" and no doubt a sufficiency of good-will might read them as lion's feet; for myself, following the line of least resistance, I am content to accept them as tortoise's, as Pollaiuolo doubtless intended. Case 958 (A), a Hercules and the Dragon, shows him less favourably; there is the same zest for a sensational subject, but the bronze looks as though it had been cast heedlessly from a wax that had got twisted out of shape so as to be—and yet, perhaps, purposely—rather loathsome.

Leonardo's 'Warrior on Horseback' from Budapest, in the same case, is another somewhat careless sketch fixed with its imperfection in bronze. A little vulgar, it is very forcible, the straddling legs of the horse giving an ample lateral interest equestrian groups rarely possess. Ballano's Atlas (or St. Christopher), (K), in the same case, is a very noble figure austere designed and adequately worked out. In Case 960 (C) we have a small 'Venus and Cupid' from Vienna, which in some degree justifies by its energy and decision of design Benvenuto's reputation. (G), in the same case, 'A Warrior on Horseback,' shows Riccio in unusually solid and reputable mood. Case 959 (H), the Farnese Casket, by Manno di Bastiano Sbarri, shows what Cellini's influence led to in the hands of lesser artists. Many of the bronzes, and those sometimes of the best, are clearly pastiches of the antique. We are perhaps unwise to-day in undervaluing such work. There is majolica which is—majolica. I do not profess a great enthusiasm for it, though the bust of an old woman, Case 948 (G), is an exceptional piece, and there are charming small paintings in this gallery, notably a very Flemish miniature shrine by Albertinelli, Case 942 (A), and a Diana and Actæon (956) by Matteo Balducci, of great finesse. The Italian gift for noble furniture is shown in many cassoni, of which the most splendid is that from Urbino (912, in the Central Hall), and in an occasional preposterously elaborated frame as that to Mantegna's 'St. George' (147) which *should* be detestable and is delightful or the screen which holds the famous della Francesca portraits of Duke and Duchess of Urbino (198).

The drawings are too rich a collection for possible treatment. Having damned the Tiepolo paintings last week, I should note the fineness of 795, Sketch for ceiling of the Chiesa degli Scalzi—my recollection of the ceiling itself is that it is unbearable, but perhaps I am wrong. Canaletto at first you might think inferior to his showing at the National Gallery but the two (789 and 792) views from Richmond House "painted for the second Duke of Richmond in 1746," are marvellous, never was more exquisite execution than in the little figures dropped so perfectly in place on these spacious landscapes. No painter could think of paint thus handled as prosaic.

## THE THEATRE

### DUKE OF MILAN

BY IVOR BROWN

*The Humours of the Court.* By Robert Bridges. Arts Theatre Club.

*Ten Nights in a Bar Room.* Adapted by Peter Godfrey from the melodrama by William Platt. Gate Theatre.

SOMETHING should be done about the Duke of Milan. I do not mean about this or that Duke, the twelfth or the twentieth. The one to whom I refer is the essential Duke, the Duke laid up, if not in heaven, at least on one peak of Parnassus. There ought to be a statue erected by poets and players, possibly even a Memorial Theatre. For His Grace is the property and the mascot of half the artificial comedies ever poured upon the painted, resonant stage of the European tradition. When young nobles masquerade as lackeys, they are always messengers from Milan. You see the pretty rogue bowing his disguised self into my lady's company from which he is, in his real person, strictly banished:

"My gracious lady, letters from the Duke."

"My cousin Milan? Messengers of his  
I make thrice welcome in my lesser walls,  
Music, there, ho."

And so to the melodies and some heeling of the high volt, as Troilus pictured the game of court and courtship.

With the Duke of Milan on my side, I feel I could write a dozen such tinkling pieces and never pause for breath. There would, of course, be a spate of moonlight, much sighing of lovers who do not mean it, much dressing of their pretty passions in

taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,

much peppering of conceits, a sword or two, a valet as clown and the blameless pleasing of a lute. How, by the way, did Shakespeare manage to find that austere tender instrument lascivious? Plato was terrified of a twanging lyre as being the creator of lust unqualified and base tumult of the soul. Shakespeare deemed the music of lute-strings to be a serious aphrodisiac. It apparently did not need much to set the period gallants a-quiver for the chase. Sound but a penny whistle and the Duke of Milan would tumble a chambermaid or go to war for a Countess. I tremble to think what would have befallen his Grace and the surrounding ladies if they had wandered into the Grand Babylon of our time and heard Sam Snowball's Hot Stuff Coons administering the food of love.

The past members of the O.U.D.S. (with external assistance "on the distaff side," as the gossip-writers put it in their quaint, old way) made a trip to the Duke's country in presenting a play written by the Poet Laureate in his early middle age. 'The Humours of the Court' is pure Milanese. Lovers are at cross purposes, there are disguises, letters, meetings under the moon, the varlet-valet, the taffeta phrase and the dulcet note of quite unreal affections plashing in runnels of iambic minstrelsy. The thing is pure pastiche. The very mention of the Duke of Milan sounds the note and it is a note pleasantly sustained. Mr. Bridges did not tack together his odds and ends of conventional comedy with any great cunning, but he had the knack of the ritual and versified it prettily. The clowning is unexpectedly amusing; or at least that very clever actor, Mr. Richard Goolden, made it seem so. Perhaps he flattered the text with his art, scoring point after point as the surly man-servant who made amorous confusion worse confounded.

Miss Edith Evans can do this sort of thing with delicious ease and certainty. She has the authentic Milanese rôle of the great lady with an aching heart

and a sharp tongue. She is a countess who could have gone to Belmont and whacked Portia in a match of raillery and *riposte*. She succeeds because she makes no effort to be natural, and that is where others of the company failed. Our young actors are all toned down to realism and have no stomach for this mannered make-believe of Milan. They become timid and self-conscious as soon as a flourish is needed. Mr. Robert Harris and Mr. Robert Speaight both have good speaking voices, but both seemed to be ashamed of letting fly. They acted with the muted sincerity demanded by the best type of modern play in which they can both be extremely good. They were hampered, I think, by an unfortunate choice of clothes. The idea, presumably, was to keep the uniforms vaguely in the seventeenth century and not to give the play any actual place or date. The result was skimpy, both in silks and wigs, and the Two Bobs, if I may be so flippant, would have looked much more impressive in full "plus fours" of the Restoration with wigs on the grandest scale.

Modern acting, I fancy, is too scrupulous for the ceremonial antics of the Milanese convention. Miss Alison Leggatt, for instance, is always excellent in giving the fine shades of emotion, but Milanese comedy does not have this detailed sincerity. Her part was, from the modern point of view, quite empty, and accordingly it had to be filled up with a show of style (or bag of tricks, if you like to call it so) in which a much less sensitive and more experienced actress might have made a better show. That experienced actress would utterly ruin the kind of part in which Miss Leggatt has been brilliant, Gwen in 'The Fanatics,' and the sister in 'Diversion.' If what you ask of the stage is always authenticity of feeling and never respect for a decorative convention, then the acting of the younger players should amply meet your need. But Milan is not their country nor is bravura a temper in which they can masquerade with conviction. Mr. George Howe, as a fantastical peacock and a courtier-poet, might well have gone harder at the absurdities. The production was a trifle sad and over-serious. In Milan one must do as the Milanese; let the players make affectation a virtue since they are visitors in a city of beautiful nonsense.

The theatre has ever been the home of pretty lies and tinted fustian. The fashion has changed, I know, and we are now all for solemnities, sincerities and reverence. At the Gate Theatre I heard people austere muttering that mid-Victorian melodrama should be taken seriously and played for all it is worth. What nonsense! Why on earth should the sophisticated Londoners of 1930 be supposed to treat with awe the hayseed histrionics of mid-Victorian America? 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room' is an anti-saloon manifesto made fearful for the gaping hicks of the covered wagon days by the figure of the Drunkard's Daughter, whose deplorable death in a tavern riot is the rod that chastens her sodden and frenzied papa. Of course, they rag the stuff at the Gate and, of course, they are right. The result is an aftermath of 'Fashion,' last year's Christmas skit, and some of the ditties used then are repeated with a cast which adds new talent to old favourites. Miss Elsa Lancaster is at the top of her form as Mary Morgan, never burlesquing the little angel too hard and establishing just the right spirit of mischief. Take Mary in earnest. You might as well put the Duke of Milan into a repertory drama of suburban life and make him declaim his boredom with the clerkly desk to the deaf aunt, the side-board and the aspidistra. Mary, like His Grace, neither awaits nor deserves the sober-suited ministrations of the realist. She is happy among the sing-song of Victorian ballads with which the drama is equipped to meet our taste for an affable and hilarious evening. Hilarity is achieved by the company giving this charade with plenty of pace, vigour and mischief.



## BROADCASTING

THE broadcast of 'Milestones,' which was of good quality, made me think hard along certain lines. And I was led to ask: Is it not time that something was done to improve the transmission of actress's voices? There I must leave it, for I am not sure if it is the fault of the actresses themselves, or of the mechanics of transmission. But the result has become increasingly irritating. The elder women's rôles do not suffer in anything like the same degree from the husky, windy, vaporous tonelessness under which younger women's rôles labour. And labour they do, indeed. The effect is almost risible. It all came out, as I guessed it would, in 'Milestones' again, where Aunt Gertrude, I think it was (anyhow, one of the more elderly women), was sane and natural, while the young girl sounded too willowy to be true. It is the perfect *ingénue* that is still far to seek; clearly this is the most difficult part for a radio-actress to fill.

I cannot but think that the International Concert was the presage of good things. In itself this was a fine effort. Everything came through clearly (to a small portable set). I thought the orchestral playing from Cologne some of the most finished ever broadcast to us here, and shall not soon forget the pure tone and eager sweep of the strings in the Haydn. The programme was thoughtfully chosen—Haydn, followed by some charming Grétry from Brussels, with the peculiar loveliness of Purcell's 'Faëry Queene' music to end with. This last was excellently done. If Germany offers us a fine orchestra, we can return the compliment with our B.B.C. chorus, which really can sing just as those Germans really can play.

Béla Bartók's recital entirely satisfied and delighted me. His playing I thought beautiful and very able. His own transcriptions of our own Purcell and, equally far from his own, Bach were fine work. And the two charming pieces by Kodály and Bartók's dance rounded off a rare half-hour. The next evening Bartók's works formed the basis of one of our much criticized Chamber Music concerts. I could find nothing very wrong with this one. Some of the music sounded strange and uncouth, but it all seemed consecutive. The performance by the composer, Szigeti the violinist and Maria Basilides the singer was beyond reproach.

In the week's programmes the following are of interest. (All 2LO unless otherwise stated.) Monday: 'Should the Speed Limit be Abolished?'—Discussion between Mr. A. P. Herbert and Mr. Gerald Barry (9.20), Viola recital by Mr. Lionel Tertis (10.15). Tuesday: 'Looking Backwards'—Sir Alfred Yarrow (7.0). Wednesday: 'This Emigration Business'—Dialogue between two settlers (7.0). Wednesday: Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan on 'What is an Atom?' (8.0), Mr. Norman Angell, M.P., on 'The Five Power Conference' (9.20). Thursday: Mr. F. L. Lucas on 'The Letters of Dorothy Osborne' (7.25). Friday: The Right Hon. James Brown, M.P., on 'My Day's Work' (Scotland, 2.25), Dr. Brade Birks on 'Fighting the Dirt in the Industrial North' (N. of England, 6.0). Song recital by Sir George Henschel (7.45).

CONDOR

## LITERARY COMPETITION—202

SET BY GERALD BARRY

Suppose yourself to have entered a room after your guests have departed, and to be contemplating the table strewn with paper caps, toy "favours" and the other refuse of conviviality. We offer a First Prize of Three Guineas and a Second Prize of One Guinea for an Original Poem on this theme.

## RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 202).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, January 20. The results will be announced in the issue of January 25.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 200

SET BY L. P. HARTLEY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an essay, not more than 300 words long, in praise of a whatnot.

B. We must suppose that Omar Khayyam has learned that a First Edition of the Rubaiyat can be sold for fourteen hundred pounds. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for four new quatrains commenting on this.

## REPORT FROM MR. HARTLEY

200A. A great many people wrote in praise of the whatnot, and many wrote well. The majority, turning their attention from the thing itself, described the objects that, in their experience, reposed upon its shelves—often with felicity and charm. But an essay is something more than a catalogue, however gracefully compiled; and the whatnots furnished by most of the competitors were richer in bric-à-brac than in ideas. Associations, it is true, they held in plenty, but associations of a rather obvious kind—memories of a Victorian childhood, recalled with wistful sentiment. For the majority of the competitors the whatnot was a symbol of the Victorian era, something to be slightly condescended to, out-of-date but quaint and lovable. They described its appearance, none better than James Hall:

It consists of three square pillars supporting four semi-circular shelves, and that, I think, is everything. True—the corners of the pillars are notched at intervals, and the tops tapered to pyramidal finials; but these searchings after airiness are literal subtractions from—not additions to—the original grand conception.

This was one of the best entries; it had more weight and body than most, and more certainty in the handling. But it closed with an anecdote that was out of keeping with the rest. The essay of Doris Elles came to grief in the same way. It had an admirable opening; Miss Elles, unlike most of the other competitors, was not content with studying the whatnot itself; she treated it as a comparative historian:

Modern people have nothing in their homes that holds anything. Interiors must be neatly impermanent, capable at any moment of being waived aside or wheeled about. The whatnot is a fixed and solid thing. You may find it standing in the home of your Uncle Herbert or your Aunt Matilda, lashed perhaps to an overmantel, but always, with a rich, mysterious capaciousness, holding things.

This is not quite accurate; many whatnots are shod with castors and have a high degree of mobility. But the idea is interesting. What a pity it is spoilt by the addition of an incongruous, imaginary anecdote! The few competitors who venture into the domain of

the abstract fly out again as if it had bitten them. Of all the entries, Non Omnia's most resembles an essay; it has an idea and plants the whatnot firmly in the middle. But, alas, it also resembles a sermon. It shows grasp, but the grasp is like a millstone round the subject's neck. These three competitors, however, deserve honourable mention, as do Cassandra, N. B. and M. H. K. The first prize is given to Pastiche (name and address, please), whose essay is the best of the descriptive and reminiscent pieces, unambitious but evocative and sincere. No second prize is awarded.

#### THE WINNING ENTRY

The whatnot was of great importance to me at the time when my head touched the height of the second shelf, and the contents of some compartments remained unseen. The central one, indeed, was furnished with a door, locked; the key was there, but I was not allowed to turn it, and (those were the days of discipline) I never did. Yet it contained value: a bowl of brown sugar, which my aunt preferred to castor for certain combinations of flavour at table; though for the sake of the parlourmaid's morale the bowl remained in seclusion.

It was a beautiful whatnot, and must have taken the high-toned parlourmaid a long time to dust in the morning. There were small boxes inlaid with mother-of-pearl, two nodding mandarins, green cut-glass candlesticks and some little silver statuettes. The whatnot itself was of mahogany, the genuine old wood which used to spoil the tools of the workmen who carved it. It shone like glass. The whatnot was a heirloom and could not have come into better hands than those of my aunt, who developed its possibilities to the full. She believed sincerely in the "place for everything" maxim and acted up to it; the "place" was often a singular one, but woe to the person who dared to change it! Her gardening-gloves, i.e., the gloves in which she plucked and arranged flowers, were kept on the whatnot—lowest shelf—and often have I seen them fly across the room and alight in their appointed place. My aunt had grown up among brothers and could always throw straight.

The whatnot was a shrine, decorated with precious *ex voto*; and a shrine it remains in my affection. The associations of childhood have nested there as in a dovecote; the trifles beloved, the etceteras of memory. "There is no excellent beauty," said Lord Verulam, "without some strangeness in the proportion," and the touch of absurdity in the ghost of my dear whatnot completes its charm.

PASTIQUE

200B. The verse, as usual, was better than the prose. It seems that the more artificial conventions language has to abide by, the better it thrives. Most of the competitors caught the spirit of Omar: that was easy enough. Many made gallant and more or less successful attempts to reproduce the inspired colloquialism which distinguishes FitzGerald's diction from that of any other poet. Perhaps Noel Arnott goes too far in facetiousness when he writes:

Each hour to me of wine was borne a jug  
And each day to the world is born a mug

but it makes for liveliness; it is a fault in the right direction, like another competitor's outrageous pun:

Methinks it is a paradox to see  
A free translation may be far from free.

Curiously enough, the very marked and individual rhythm of the verse escaped the ear of many of the entrants. Here and there one found lines which have

the exact cadence of the original, Charles G. Box's, for instance:

Oh learn all lore, reckon not if it be traced  
In finger'd sandscrip, by one gust effac'd

but these were comparatively uncommon. In verse, the first essential of a pastiche is similarity of rhythm.

Two competitors stood out—Seacape and Valimus. The latter's third quatrain is perhaps even better than Seacape's beautiful second; and Seacape's final two lines are a little flat. But his poem has the very scent and flavour of the original, and we award it the first prize, with Valimus a close second. Doris Elles is *proxime accessit*; and honourable mention goes to Pibwob, N. B., Pantarei, Charles G. Box and Noel Arnott.

#### FIRST PRIZE

They say my first Diwán of Verse is sold  
In Nishápúr and Shiráz for much Gold;

In this it bears Resemblance to the Grape:  
That, to outwit the Purse, it must be old.

Why, though a thousand Years my Name should last,  
A Rose will scatter to a single Blast,

Yet Roses will be ripening to the Noon  
Long after my Impermanence is past;

And I, that grasp with shaking Hand the Pen  
And dip it once and dip it yet again—

When, with its Characters, I am myself  
A Blot on a forgotten Page. . . what then?

Ah, let such Thoughts, like Squirrels in a Cage,  
Revolve about the Phantasy of Sage

And Physicist, and come with old Khayyám  
Back to the Tavern, and your Thirst assuage!

SEACAPE

#### SECOND PRIZE

Lo! where the Hawthorn by the River lay  
For ever in the Dust of Yesterday,

A little While I talked of That and This  
Before I rose, and took my endless Way;

And ere the Hunter of the Morning slipped  
His Noose about the Tavern where I sipped

The Vintage from the Grape of Silence prest,  
I dropped the Pen, and sealed the Manuscript:

The Patterns by the Fret of Being chased  
I one by one upon the Parchment traced,

And from the Dark beyond the Twilight threw  
A flower upon the everlasting Waste;

So I, gone whence and whither no Man knows  
Had left It where the Wind of Nothing blows,

Nor dreamt To-morrow's silken Purse would yield  
Its treasure for a Petal of the Rose.

VALIMUS

#### WARNING BY THE OLD YEAR TO THE NEW

BY DUNCAN GREY

I MOST earnestly urge you, young Year,  
For some reasons I hope to make clear,  
To lend an obsequious ear,  
To the wisdom of Lord Rothermere,  
And Lord Beaverbrook's eloquent pleas.

If their stunts and alarums you bless,  
And to all their suggestions say "Yes,"  
Your pæans they'll sing in their Press,  
Till your failures read just like success,  
And your chalk may pass muster for cheese.

But in case you prove rash and say "No,"  
Then each peer will become your fierce foe,  
And land you twice daily a blow,  
Near about your waist-line—or below—  
And denounce you in choice journalese.



## PAST AND PRESENT—IX

THE virtually lost art of satire in verse needs an historian. In his very title, Mr. Humbert Wolfe, who lately issued 'Notes on English Verse Satire' (Hogarth Press, 3s. 6d.), disclaims pretension to be that historian, but he has given that future writer a number of valuable hints. I find myself wishing that he could have done so in a prose less metaphorical, but his little book is thoroughly entertaining and often suggestive. I am not the less grateful to him because he has moved me to disputation. Nor am I really prejudiced against him because by anticipating me he has rendered it impossible for me to live up to my motto of one good phrase a year. It is not because he has filched my unborn ewe-lamb that he has got my goat. I cry out against him because, in a book which has so many shrewd and amusing things in it, he has not much troubled to distinguish between sacred and profane satire.

Satire may be an arraignment of this world by this world's standards, but it may also be a reference of this world to a transcendental standard. It is extremely unusual to find either kind of satire in perfect purity; ordinarily, in the work of the masters, we have a mixture. But that does not prevent us from assigning certain satirists, on the whole, to the one class, and certain others, again on the whole, to the other. To take prose, we feel that Thackeray is in the main a profane satirist. No fatal harm in being that! But his trouble is that he is not profane enough. He judges as a worldling, but as one for whom the world is not sufficient; and his apprehension of the other world is merely that of the decent man. So his satire, finished as much of it is, comes to seem superficial.

And now, still keeping to prose, look at Villiers de l'Isle Adam, the one profound satirist of the modern world. With him, almost every page is an assurance that, in another than the theologian's sense, "God is not mocked." It is not with the contemporary social code that the persons, and their very civilization, he derides are confronted: it is with eternal wisdom, with the principle of beauty. Not aberration from the accepted contemporary way moves his mind, but the continuous folly of humanity, though he knows well how to depict (and even to anticipate) the characteristic modern follies. Sublimity comes into his satire as, for a "scientific" age, he sketches the proposals for a chemical analysis of the Last Supper. His satire, at its best, wounds us in our souls, whereas that other does but excoriate our social sensibility.

Turning to English satire in verse, it is at once made plain that profane satire, though in itself a lower variety, may in a particular writer's practice reach the highest level. In the earlier part of his career, Byron had spoken, in the belief he was singing, as one judging the world from above. Just as he could not sing, he could not sincerely maintain an attitude of superiority to the world. In his most fortunate period he came to an understanding of his limitations and of his opportunity, and condescending, in his own phrase, to "wander with pedestrian Muses," produced so great a masterpiece

as 'Don Juan.' Would that Mr. Humbert Wolfe, whose verdicts have so much influence, had said more in honour of that careless-seeming and very subtle triumph.

'Don Juan' is the testament of a man who has been defeated and who turns defeat to victory. Its greatest distinction, to my mind, is in the art with which it suggests latent strength, kept latent by an apparently good-humoured scorn of the adversary. He has stooped to the world's level, having been beaten in his histrionic attempt to assail it from above, and he seems no longer to struggle with it. Having spouted rhetoric over man, he now says no more than that man is "an unlucky rascal." He seems to acquiesce in the injustice of things. But, at a second glance, we see the ripple of great muscles along the lazy arms, note a glint of deadly menace in the humorous eyes, and are left wondering what would happen if the acquiescent creature put forth his whole strength. Here, too, for those who can perceive it, is sublimity in satire, though deeply disguised.

It is Satan refusing to fight God on the ground that the ascent to the place of combat would be such a bore, and affecting not to fight this world because he has accepted it as his own. But the sentry angels have been doubled in heaven; and if the credulous race dwelling on earth is comforted by the spectacle of Byron admitting that he is just a man among men, it harbours a sublime traitor. It is the weary wisdom of Byron at last, after a decade of being the dupe of his own rhetoric, never to bring matters to a head. Incapable of positive achievement as a poet, he rests, formidably, in this sardonic submission, with a hinted, "If I chose. . ."

Between the unfallen angel (let us say Villiers de l'Isle Adam) and the fallen there is kinship, admitted in Byron's own magnificent and yet lightly done picture of the glance exchanged at heaven's gate between His Darkness and His Brightness. The ordinary satirists, however witty and forcible, fall into quite another category. Dryden has his superb couplet, with its peculiar clangour, and his amazing skill in getting metrical, grammatical and emotional emphasis to coincide. Pope is exquisite, but too often expressive of a petty spite. I am glad Mr. Wolfe does something like justice to Young, who has been unfairly damned in consequence of the belief that the 'Night Thoughts' is typical of him; sorry that he has done little more than mention Cleveland, in whose poem against the Scots the verse swells and trembles with fury; glad again that he has said such good things of Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton. But this is not a review. I am but talking on his subject, or round it, as ideas come and go. Else, I should have singled out many passages in his book for praise.

In conclusion, may I remind Mr. Wolfe of a superb thing in Dryden's manner which lies among Swinburne's manuscripts? It is a portrait almost certainly of Froude; and except for Whistler's terrible portrait of Leyland as an octopus playing the piano, I know not what to place beside it. In each hatred of the subject has been accompanied by loving care in workmanship.

STET

## REVIEWS

### AN ELDER CRITIC

BY T. EARLE WELBY

*A Miscellany.* By A. C. Bradley. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

DR. BRADLEY, whose lectures on Shakespearean tragedy are classical, is never to be discussed without the respect due to learning and philosophic insight. Where Shakespeare is in question, we are all his debtors; and I do not doubt that this new miscellaneous volume increases our obligations to him. But it is a poor gratitude that issues in empty compliments instead of in frank criticism, and I, for one, feel bound to dissent from his method in most of the book he now gives us.

Take his paper on 'The Reaction Against Tennyson.' It contains, as from such a pen it was bound to, many wise sentences on aspects of Tennyson's work, and a particularly useful reminder that most of the defects in Tennyson which are supposed to have been discovered by clever young men after 1900 were sharply pointed out by Swinburne thirty years earlier. (Dr. Bradley might here have cited Coventry Patmore, who still earlier had said that, though Tennyson's poetry had finish, it was too seldom "finish from within.") But to what conclusion are we led? To that old claim for Tennyson, that he was aware of the science of his day, and therefore, by implication, a greater poet than those of his fellows who knew little of it and cared less about it.

Now a poet may very well be inspired by the provisional fairy tales which are the only live part of science: I mean the hypothetical principles on which the scientist interprets the universe. But he can be inspired by them only in the same way as by a legend, a sunset, the face of a woman, not in a finer way; and the eventual question will always be, not whence he drew inspiration, but to what he was inspired. The notions of Darwin or the vicious loveliness of Lesbia, what does it matter, except to a rather idle curiosity? What does matter is whether the man excited into poetry by Darwin has or has not the qualities that make a Lucretius, whether the man excited into poetry by Lesbia or her like has or has not the qualities that make a Catullus. Considered in themselves apart from poetry, Darwin and Lesbia can be more or less justly ranked in esteem. But the poetry produced in reaction to them can be judged only as poetry. The importance in modern life of science, that is, of the applied science which is so nearly useless to the poet, is an irrelevant consideration. The question is wholly of the artistic value of the poetry, not of the abstract value of that which set the poet composing.

There is something impudent in thrusting such platitudes upon a scholar and thinker like Dr. Bradley, but how, in loyalty to one's duty as a reviewer, can one refrain from doing so? "Tennyson is the only one of our great poets whose attitude towards the sciences of Nature was what a modern poet's attitude ought to be," Dr. Bradley writes. "Ought to be," indeed! A poet's attitude towards any matter ought to be no other than that which calls into their most vivid activity his most characteristic powers. If science can supremely energize him, he does well to concern himself passionately with it; if not, he does well to shrug his shoulders and pass on, to whatever will so work upon him.

Dr. Bradley, however, perhaps only in concession to lecture audiences, exhibits in his present volume a tendency to study, not whole literary personalities and whole works of literary art, but things "in" them—science in Tennyson, German philosophy in

Wordsworth and Coleridge, 'Odours and Flowers in the Poetry of Shelley,' and so forth. There are many very respectable precedents; and I am far from saying that he does not, in every lecture or paper, put before us valuable suggestions. And it may be added that this method looks well, in the wrong eyes; has the appearance of being more scientific, of having led us to more solid results, than that criticism which records a complete æsthetic experience. But on occasion it produces sentences over which it is difficult to maintain decorum: "I have ignored Shelley's allusions to unpleasant smells, as these do not appear to be individually characteristic." That is an exceptionally bad lapse, it may be admitted; yet it is to a not very much less trivial detachment of what the poet has woven together that the method conduces.

It is a very different and far more relevant enquiry which Dr. Bradley undertakes when he examines monosyllabic lives in English verse. His analysis of passages from many poets ends, as was inevitable, in establishing the pre-eminence of Swinburne with the monosyllabic line. Byron has about 5 per cent., Keats about 6 per cent., of such lines; Swinburne has over 20 per cent. But Dr. Bradley has missed the supreme instance of success in Swinburne's use of monosyllabic lines, that speech in 'Atalanta' which is one of the chief glories of our blank verse:

Pray thou thy days be long before thy death,  
And full of ease and kingdom; seeing in death  
There is no comfort and none aftergrowth,  
Nor shall one thence look up and see day's dawn,  
Nor light upon the land whither I go.  
Live thou and take thy fill of days and die,  
When thy day comes! and make not much of death,  
Lest ere thy day thou reap an evil thing.

Mere questions of technique, some will say over Dr. Bradley's pages on this subject; but questions of technique, though few recognize or are willing to allow that truth, go to the very basis of this as of any other art.

This necessarily inadequate and largely protestant review of Dr. Bradley's book may seem to imply that the reviewer would have had him ignore the attitude of a writer in concentration on his æsthetic success. I am far from intending that. What I do mean is that the "in" method—the method which professes to give us science in Tennyson, smells in Shelley, optimism in Browning, and so on—defeats itself. It is the disengagement of materials the poet has organized into a whole; and, though lecturer and audience may remain blissfully unaware of it, what is eventually exhibited is science out of Tennyson, optimism abstracted from Browning. The case of Browning will excellently serve the purpose. What value his optimism in itself may have matters not in the least to the true critic. Its value in his poetry is that Browning had a genius for passionate casuistry, and the belief that there was good in what seems evil urged him to that passionate casuistry. His philosophy must be studied in its fruits, not drawn out of them. And, as regards that tricky matter of science, if we once forsake the truth that it is only the result which concerns criticism, we are committed to the absurdity that, because he was "abreast of the scientific progress of his age," as the phrase goes, Tennyson was automatically greater than poets abreast of the out-worn science of an earlier age and has automatically been reduced in rank because Mr. Smith now writes sonnets on Einstein, about whom Tennyson could not know. Let it be repeated that the independent value of an idea has simply nothing to do with its value when incarnated in art. Else, since there can be few subjects more deserving of study, the eighteenth-century poet, Armstrong, who showed quite remarkable skill in 'The Art of Preserving Health,' would be a master instead of being merely a miracle of unintentional impropriety.



## CONTEMPORARY HISTORY

*A Modern History of the English People, 1910-1922.* By R. H. Gretton. Secker. 12s. 6d.

THIS is the concluding volume of a trilogy which covers the period from the fall of Disraeli's second administration; its two predecessors made their appearance before the war. The author's aim is to reflect the attitude of the man-in-the-street from month to month, rather than to give a bare list of events, and, on the whole, he has done his work well. Too much stress may, perhaps, be laid upon the political aspect of the national life to suit some critics, but, after all, Mr. Gretton is endeavouring to describe the attitude of the general public, and the things of the mind have never made any strong appeal to John Bull.

The present book naturally falls into three parts—the pre-war, the war, and the post-war eras, and of these the account of the second is by far the best. It is, indeed, difficult to write impartially of public opinion in the years immediately preceding the storm, for what was to follow is always before the historian's mind, but even when this fact is taken into consideration it is impossible to resist the conclusion that Mr. Gretton is more than a little unfair to the Conservative Party during the period between the resignation of Mr. Balfour from its leadership and the outbreak of hostilities. After all, its exasperation with Mr. Asquith's administration, which was kept in office by the Socialists and the Irish, was perfectly natural when it is remembered not only that the by-elections were going in its favour, but that the country had never been consulted on the subject of Home Rule since 1895, when it had rejected it. Indeed, had a General Election taken place at any time during the eighteen months immediately preceding the war, a Conservative majority would almost certainly have been returned.

On the other hand, of the attitude of the country towards the war, Mr. Gretton gives one of the best accounts that has yet appeared in print. He shows how, inevitably, the individual enthusiasm of the early days gave place to a collective determination to see it through, and, finally, to a haunting fear that the machinery of war was so perfect that it might be extremely difficult to bring it to a standstill. The author has little to say of the various attempts to secure peace by negotiation, and he does not mention Prince Sixte of Bourbon-Parma even by name; but as they, unfortunately made little impression upon the British public at the time, he is probably justified in ignoring them. For the rest, he has conjured up the spirit of the war years most effectively, while to the accuracy of his picture of Armistice Day in London all who were present on that occasion will attest.

With the reappearance of party politics Mr. Gretton tends to become more prejudiced in his outlook, and he can find nothing good to say for the Coalition Government. Granted that the General Election of 1918 followed rather more closely upon the conclusion of the Armistice than was perhaps necessary, and that there was a notable lack of foresight in the conduct of the nation's affairs by Mr. Lloyd George, yet there can be no doubt that there was a far greater support for the administration in the country as a whole than the author is prepared to admit. In retrospect, the first four years of peace seem wretched enough, but Mr. Gretton is concerned with contemporary opinion, and it did not take nearly so harsh a view of Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues as seems likely to be held by succeeding generations.

It is impossible to read the evidence of these pages without coming to the conclusion that the period with which they deal was not—the heroism shown in the war alone excepted—a very creditable one in the national life. The Victorian and Edwardian eras gave

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place to an age of violence and intolerance in thought and deed for which one must go back at least a century to find a parallel, and it is unfortunately by no means certain that public opinion has yet returned to the happy mean of a balanced judgment. Alternate outbreaks of jingoism and pacifism, combined with a relentless persecution of all who venture to disagree with the prevailing mood of the moment, have characterized the British public during the past twenty years, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Gretton's record of these wild fluctuations in the national outlook will serve to point the necessary moral.

On its social and religious side the age with which this volume deals was one of passing standards of conduct and belief, which the war virtually abolished. The England of the middle years of Victoria, with its conventions and taboos, is almost as remote from the younger people of to-day as that of George III, and Mr. Gretton shows his readers how this change took place. When he lays down his pen, what, for want of a better name, may be termed the war generation had hardly begun to assert its influence—the older world which had precipitated the catastrophe still controlled the national destinies—but it is with it that the rebuilding of the edifice, socially and politically, must rest. Here we are concerned with the forces of destruction, but when the author writes his fourth volume, perhaps sixteen years hence, it is to be hoped that he will be able to chronicle the rise of a new England from the ashes of the old.

### THE GREAT COUTTS

*Coutts: The History of a Banking House.* By Ralph M. Robinson. Murray. 15s.

NOT the least remarkable events in the life of Thomas Coutts were his marriages. When you are gently trying to shoulder your brother James out of the business, it seems an inappropriate moment to marry his domestic servant, Susannah Starkey. But everything went well with this union with Thomas, and Starkey, far from being miserable, was well favoured by the ennobled and lived to see all her daughters have greatness thrust upon them. Sophia married Francis Burdett—Susannah married the third Earl of Guilford and second Baron North. Frances Coutts married the first Marquis of Bute.

And the poor man was writing shortly before this time (1792) that he hoped that "my daughters would find me a young man fit to take the oar from my hand"—but his eldest daughter being only 21, as his biographer says "his misgivings were premature."

There were far more misgivings on the part of his daughters when in his old age he married that beautiful actress, Harriet Melon. Like a natural husband, he left his fortune to her and she, though after his death she became the Duchess of St. Albans, like a good woman, left it all back into her first husband's family. This act of Harriet Melon's enabled the Baroness Burdett Coutts to be the great philanthropist she was (she ordered that all the clerks in the bank should have free luncheon with beer, which they have to-day), but I have always felt that it was Harriet Melon who should have been buried in Westminster Abbey.

These matrimonial aberrations cannot for a moment disguise the fact that Thomas Coutts was one of the greatest bankers the world has ever known. The roots of Coutts stretch back into the seventeenth century, when the Bank of England was not yet born. On its books is an account which has descended from one generation to another since the reign of William and Mary. The bank has looked after the affairs of every sovereign since George III. His sons, the comic-tragic Dukes of Thackeray and

Strachey, were always trying to "touch" Thomas Coutts for an extra overdraft. Louis Philippe, when he arrived, a little suddenly, at Newhaven, sent a courier post haste to Mr. Coutts to make sure that he had £500 in cash. Reynolds (Sir Joshua), when he was in the hands of a "crook" (beginning, as he was, to make money and knowing nothing about investment), was rescued by the great old banker and was thereby enabled to become, what he did become the great old (I suppose I must apologize for the word) "swankpot" that he was. Sir Thomas Lawrence writes that he has commissions for five paintings of members of the Royal Family and could he therefore have a little in advance? I regret to say that Sir Thomas did not quite fulfil his obligations, though, doubtless, if he had lived until to-day he could have sold a few pictures which would have wiped out his overdraft by return of post. Then there was Georgiana, the very beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, who bought votes for kisses and must have made something of the same sort of bargain with Thomas Coutts, who was shrewd enough in the end to tell her that she must tell the Duke the extent of her advances. He got his money.

Thomas Coutts was a great banker because he knew the credit and the character of every one of his clients. He was in the position to refuse to lend five pounds to a belted Earl and in the position to lend £1,000 to a City goldsmith in (temporarily) unhappy circumstances. He had very little to do with investment, for such a practice was rare in his day. As a banker, his main preoccupations were storing money and lending it. He stored it faithfully and lent it at a moderate rate of interest. He lent it, it must be added, wherever he saw credit in a face and he was never ungenerous. Much of it he lent with small hope of return.



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Yet though, like his second wife, he was not buried in the Abbey, he left a name to England which is peculiarly precious, standing as it does for rectitude in business, for sympathy in misfortune and for that unhappy boast that "an Englishman's word is as good as his bond." That he was a great man, not only in his own time but in his vicarious existence, to-day there can be no doubt. The Duke of Wellington wrote to him asking, after the Battle of Waterloo, how he could best invest in some real property. Even the "old rebel" bowed to Thomas Coutts.

J. B. S. B.

## CONFLICTING PRINCIPLES

*Warren Hastings and Philip Francis.* By Sophia Weitzman. With an Introduction by Ramsay Muir. Manchester University Press. 25s.

THIS amply documented study has grown from a thesis presented for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and it is a genuinely useful contribution to the understanding of a period of cardinal importance in the history of British rule in India. It aims at retelling the story of the conflict between Hastings and Francis in the light of the principles rather than of the personalities involved. Mr. Ramsay Muir, under whose guidance this work was undertaken, regards it as one of the most valuable contributions that have been made for a long time to the understanding of the rise of British power in India. It certainly restates the issues in ampler terms than those available to most eighteenth-century politicians and nineteenth-century historians. According to Mr. Ramsay Muir there has been current a distorted picture of Warren Hastings, "first conceived by the malignity of Francis," "then painted in lurid colours by the noble but fevered genius of Burke," and finally "perpetrated by the cocksure dogmatism of Macaulay."

Dr. Weitzman's account of the issues involved is as follows: Hastings considered that the India Company was the only agency which could regenerate Bengal. Though he knew the evils resulting from autocratic rule by the Company's servants he had faith in human nature and was convinced that they would respond to the trust reposed in them. Francis on the other hand regarded the Company as the scourge of Bengal. The servants of a trading company, he argued, could never be made fit instruments of government quite apart from the fact that as Europeans they were disqualified to rule in the East. Both men believed in maintaining British power in India and both thought it necessary to govern Bengal as a province of the old Moghul Empire while deprecating a policy of anglicizing Bengal. But Hastings wished to revive and reform the old system while Francis did not agree that this ought to be done by the English. The evils that existed he attributed largely to the exercise of irregular authority by the Company's servants. If they were removed Francis thought that native institutions would correct themselves. "In a sense," writes Dr. Weitzman, "his policy marks an attempt to establish autonomy for the natives." But her judgment goes against the "Franciscan" policy, for in her opinion "no native element existed . . . disinterested enough or sufficiently impregnated with a political spirit to make proper use of autonomy."

Similarly the author of this book condemns "Franciscan" principles of foreign policy in India. She concludes that non-intervention, which Francis advocated, resolved itself in practice into "a policy of 'grab' more flagrant than any. In this view, every native State was a hostile State, every native potentate a rival power." Yet Francis was convinced that British power in India was evil, self-interested and impermanent, and even Hastings did not disagree about the last. In 1777 he wrote: "The dominion exercised by the British Empire in India is fraught with many radical

and incurable defects. . . All that the wisest institutions can effect in such a system can only be to improve the advantages of a temporary possession, and to protract that decay, which sooner or later must end it."

Mr. Ramsay Muir calls the struggle between Hastings and Francis a drawn one. Hastings held his own in India but was unable to carry out the reforms he proposed, and Francis discredited and almost ruined him. The latter obtained acceptance from English politicians of the ideas he represented. Franciscan theories helped to mould the India Act of 1784 and non-intervention was the policy pursued from 1785 to 1795. Thereafter came reversal of policy and acceptance of the ideas of Hastings. To-day, when the problems of India have a special and significant prominence, the early history of conflicting principles in the government of part of that sub-continent has an added interest.

## THE BOY'S OWN BOOK

*Discoveries and Inventions of the Twentieth Century.* By Edward Cressy. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

THE boys of to-day are more scientifically minded than those of any previous generation, thanks to their tempting opportunities of tinkering with motor-cars and wireless sets. No doubt it was only the occasion that was lacking in the past, when the youthful mind was just as eager as now to "see the wheels go round." Yet a hundred years ago many a mother copied the wise action of Mrs. Hobson Newcome in sending her boys "to the Polytechnic with Professor Hickson, who kindly explains to them some of the marvels of science and the wonders of machinery." The crowds that thronged to the exhibition

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lately arranged for schoolboys by the *Daily Mail*, and that were always gathered round the ingenious demonstration of railway signalling at Charing Cross underground station, show that the same taste is still in existence. But the means of gratifying it have been much improved. Such a fascinating volume as Mr. Cressy has now published would make an ideal present for any boy.

Mr. Cressy tells us that his original scheme was to produce a sequel to Robert Routledge's well-known and highly esteemed 'Discoveries and Inventions of the Nineteenth Century.' He decided, however, that the rapid progress of invention made it impossible to cover the whole field of knowledge, and he has made a very judicious selection of subjects for exposition. In its present form his work covers virtually all the scientific achievement of the last thirty years which an intelligent boy or girl would rightly wish to know about, and in regard to which comparatively few parents are prepared to answer the numerous questions daily and hourly hurled at them. Though Mr. Cressy does not address himself specially to the young, he writes so lucidly and explains things so simply and methodically that his book is self-explanatory to anyone who can read at all—though of course the parent or guardian who wishes to obtain a reputation for omniscience may keep it to himself and dole out the information by word of mouth.

We open at random on an account of the "dead man's handle"—the device adopted on electric trains to prevent such an accident as would otherwise take place if the driver, alone in his cab, were suddenly incapacitated by illness and let his train run through all the signals. There is a little button on the top of the driving handle which has to be kept pressed down; if the driver's grip relaxes, the train automatically stops. Turning the pages, we come to a clear description of that marvellous beast, the escalator, with an illustration which shows us for the first time how it contrives to be a platform at one moment and a staircase at the next. Elsewhere is an account of the curious and beautiful luminous tube which lights the escalator at Liverpool Street with so mysterious a glow. How much more interesting an underground journey must be to the boy who has read Mr. Cressy's account of these and other inventions that make travelling under London safe and speedy!

It is curious to note how many discoveries of great practical importance have been made by accident. In his opening chapter on water-power Mr. Cressy tells us that the Pelton wheel, now used in all cases where a high fall is available, and sometimes so efficient as to produce many thousands of horse-power, was discovered by an American carpenter who noticed that an ordinary water-wheel which had accidentally been displaced so that the water-jet struck the edge of the buckets actually ran faster and produced less splashing. Similarly the Welsbach mantle, which has revolutionized gas lighting, was discovered incidentally in an attempt to improve electric filaments. Here, again, Mr. Cressy explains the fact which puzzles many householders, that the mantle burns off with a lurid flame when first lighted; its fragile framework is held together for transport by a film of nitro-cellulose. The manufacture of artificial silk, by machinery which copies the natural organs of the silkworm, is excellently described. One of the most interesting chapters explains how it is possible to photograph bullets that move too fast to be seen, and there are some marvellous illustrations of automatic pistols in the act of ejecting the cartridge and of bullets breaking bones and soap-bubbles. No one should go to the cinema in future without having learnt how its moving pictures are taken. There is no end to the curious and interesting things that Mr. Cressy tells us, and we can only suppose that his young readers will say with the Sicilian lady in Theocritus, "The lucky fellow to know all that!"

## NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

*The Methodist Faun.* By Anne Parrish. Benn. 7s. 6d.

*The Way of Eben.* By James Branch Cabell. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

*Tragedy in Pewsey Chart.* By Hilda Willett. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

*Inspector Frost in the City.* By H. Maynard Smith. Benn. 7s. 6d.

IF the question of supremacy among American novels were put to the vote there would be several candidates. 'Moby Dick,' 'An American Tragedy,' 'The Portrait of a Lady' would not lack champions, but I imagine that 'The Scarlet Letter' would head the poll, chiefly because even if the field were larger and extended to include the fiction of other countries, it comes nearest to being a perfect work of art. Form, manner and material are so intimately blended that one can no more think of them apart than, when one looks at a statue, one can be separately conscious of the rough block of marble, the strokes of the chisel and the conception in the sculptor's mind. 'The Scarlet Letter,' though it tells a story, passes from one mood to another, comments on life and moralizes over it, has the unity of a lyric, of a spontaneous expression of emotion. And it has another advantage over most of its competitors. It was written at a time when the Puritanism inherent in the American character was still a dark and powerful instinct, unassailable by reason, troubling the conscience, mingling with the springs of action, investing even the physical world with symbols and reminders of itself. It had not yet been canalized into the idea of service or made to look ridiculous by being identified

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with Prohibition. Modern America has removed the burden of Puritanism from individuals by making it communal, an occasion for national self-congratulation rather than an incentive to private self-condemnation, and so destroyed its value as a stimulus to Art. In Hawthorne's time it encouraged introspection, it acted as an irritant upon the consciousness which, like an oyster, tried to isolate and imprison the disturbing influence under pearls of art.

In 'The Methodist Faun' Miss Parrish has essayed to recover, not unsuccessfully, the conditions which allowed Literature to flourish in New England in the middle of last century. In 'The Scarlet Letter' many forces joined issue. There was not, to be sure, much about the World; but the Flesh and the Devil both played their parts, and the Moral Law was constantly in evidence. But there was also a streak of Paganism, a small altar to nature worship, an alien cult affiliated to Satan but not wholly dependent on him, in the idea of the child Pearl. Pearl was always disappearing into the woods and asking awkward questions about the Black Man who was supposed to haunt them. Miss Parrish's hero, Clifford, feels the same longing for the woods, and is always repairing there, in and out of season. This is one half of his nature, and the more important half. The other is the young man his parents, especially his mother, planned him to be, the young man who would have been the natural product of his environment and education, hard-working, successful, social and terribly commonplace. Miss Parrish, as 'All Kneeling' showed, is primarily a satirist. She portrays religiously and conscientiously the side of Clifford's nature that craves a woodland life, but without making it very convincing. We feel disposed to enquire, with the other Philistines, "What does he go there to do?" His expeditions seem deliberate and self-conscious, not prompted by an overmastering impulse. And, since the story is strictly

realistic in treatment, this could hardly have been otherwise. But in portraying the other aspect of Clifford's life, his relations with the small community which faithfully attended church, met each other continually in bright reunions of a useful and helpful character, and knew every detail of each other's business, Miss Parrish is in her element. Whatever unpleasant suggestions are contained in the words dull, middle-class, bourgeois, common, ordinary, she magnifies a hundredfold. No wonder Clifford fled to the woods. No wonder that he regarded with romantic adoration Cathleen King, who belonged to another and more elegant world.

Cathleen and the woods are both symbols of escape to him. He had the artist's temperament but he was not an artist, he only wanted to be one. Even as a photographer one cannot believe that he shone. But he had an exquisite sensibility, an unlimited capacity for being humiliated; and his brief encounters with Cathleen, after her millionaire husband took her away to New York, filled to the full his cup of bitterness. The reader drinks it with him. Not even Miss Stella Benson, in 'The Poor Man,' has given a more realistic picture of spiritual abasement and tormenting consciousness of personal inadequacy. Whatever misery is implied in "feeling small" Clifford underwent. Throughout his disastrous married life his passion for Cathleen never forsook him, and even when it is not referred to, the sense of it throbs in the pages of the book. From one point of view 'The Methodist Faun' is not a success. The "faun" never comes to life. But as a study in a hopeless and desperate passion it takes a high place among contemporary novels; while as an account of society in a small American town it is uniformly diverting.

Mr. James Branch Cabell is also, in a sense, a disciple of Hawthorne, though his work is as unlike as it could well be. He fastened upon the romantic

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and allegorical element in Hawthorne and developed them to the uttermost, along lines of his own. He was not content with setting his scene at a small remove from the actual world; he transferred it to the Middle Ages and peopled it with symbolical figures, exiles from the Puritan conscience, with whose worldly wisdom and faint relish of wickedness he is in some sympathy. 'The Way of Eben' is in the tradition of his other books, but it is much shorter and the allegory has lost a good deal of its zest. In an epilogue Mr. Cabell discusses rather sadly the waning of his creative gift. An author's powers decline, he thinks, after the age of fifty and he must take his own hint and retire from the profession of letters. Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage. With all respect to Mr. Cabell, we must agree that the vein he began to work so successfully in 'Jürgen' is now exhausted. He is, perhaps, the non-literary man's idea of a good writer, but he is an artist, he loves words for their own sake, not wisely but too well; and one hopes that he will find another field for the exercise of his talent, where an austere beauty is to be run for, with more dust and heat.

'Tragedy in Pewsey Chart' and 'Inspector Frost in the City' are two moderately good detective stories. The latter is the more original in execution. Mr. Maynard Smith has a pretty gift for dialogue, but his story has too little incident; it is like a hurdle race without hurdles and the crime itself is not one to catch the imagination. Miss Hilda Willett provides more incident and adds an original touch in the hero, who is subject to malaria and so prevented from rescuing the heroine and cutting an heroic figure. But the other characters are conventional. Why do so many detective story writers select Cornwall for the headquarters of their gangs? Scotland Yard need not trouble to look anywhere else.

### THE JANUARY MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for January contains in 'The Policeman's Prophecy' a forecast by Lord Dunsany of how London would revert to a waste if all human life were to cease. Mr. A. Waugh gives a description of the dame-school in Bath to which he was first sent; Mr. H. O. S. Wright tells of the Soviet arrangements for seaside treatment in the Crimea; Mr. Sturge Moore contributes three little gems in sonnet form; and Mr. R. B. Lloyd describes the evolution of the manuscript book. Clemenceau and other foreign statesmen are the subject of 'Ebb and Flow.' Miss Willcocks contributes the fiction.

The *Nineteenth* devotes most of its space to Education, Licensing Reform, Empire politics, and a criticism of the Cathedral Measure by the Dean of Winchester. Mr. Registrar Roscoe deals with Law Costs—no reduction is possible except the payment to a junior of one-third his leader's fee; on the other hand, the loser should pay all the costs of the winner. Mr. Douglas Gordon defends the character of the badger; Mr. R. Curle examines the attitude of the younger generation to Conrad; his colour, his

philosophy and his use of the language are not to their taste.

The *London Mercury* reviews the Literature of 1929 and the Dolmetsch Foundation in its 'Editorial Notes.' Mr. Hardy revives the memory of a war wound; Mr. F. S. Copeland tells a mountain-climbing story; Mr. Wilkinson appraises 'Recent War Books' and laments the absence of any approaching greatness, the German ones being especially poor. Mr. A. L. Reade introduces us to an admirer of Dr. Johnson outside the range of his circle.

*Life and Letters* contains a sketch by Mr. O. Sitwell, principally a list of Victorian bric-à-brac; Mr. W. K. Fleming lays stress on the mysticism and haughtiness of Coventry Patmore and is enthusiastic about his Odes; Miss Sayers writes on the History and Future of detective story-composition; and Mr. F. L. Lucas describes the career of Dr. Beddoes.

The *English Review* has papers by Professor Morgan on 'The Irish Free State and the Privy Council,' in which he laments Irish folly; on Blockade, by an Expert; on Conservative Policy by Lord Sandown; an attack on 'Modern Landscapes'; a sketch of a cheap excursion by rail; and two rather harrowing child stories.

The *Collector* makes a good beginning under its new title. Mr. W. T. Whitley writes on four portraits by Allan Ramsay; Dr. Eckhardt on Furniture in the Figdor Collection at Vienna, with illustrations of fine old chests; Mr. Jourdain describes the Stirling Collection of Furniture, with twenty-one illustrations; and there are colour plates of a Red Lacquer Mirror, an aquatint after Alken and a Tang Dish. The Italian Exhibition and the Ikon Exhibition are also described.

S. M. T. has a noble list of contributors—Lord Cecil, Mr. Eden Philpotts, Mr. Bensusan, Lady Margaret Sackville and Miss Sackville-West among them. Mr. Middleton writes on the Prince's Christmases, Miss de Haven on 'Community Travelling,' and Dr. Wiemann on St. Wenceslas, and there is a plentiful supply of other good reading.

### ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 408

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, January 16)

COLUMBIAN AUTHOR: ESSAYIST AND POET:  
HIS FINEST WORK, ADMIRER BY THOSE WHO KNOW IT.

1. "Greatest of all the children of the East."
2. A Latin snake: curtail the wriggling beast.
3. In me how politicians rage and roar!
4. By time unbounded, lasting evermore.
5. Heart of a haunt to which much people flock.
6. Behead the triumph-song of farm-yard cock.
7. Flexible, flaccid, unstarched, supple, weak.
8. Horns hoot, harps twang, drums deafen, fiddles squeak.
9. Yell of fierce Redskin rushing on his foe.
10. Not what it seems; not solid silver, no!
11. Grown in our gardens for its fragrant smell.
12. Shows Gladys if her dress fits ill or well.

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## Solution of Acrostic No. 406

M	oonlight	T <sup>1</sup>	1 Merchant of Venice, v. 1.
brY		Ony	
B	a	A	
E	ar	L	
S	cornfu	L <sup>2</sup>	2 Ps. i. 1.
T	aximeto	R	
W	rinkl	E <sup>3</sup>	3 Childe Harold, iv. 182.
II		Ar	
S	wine-her	D <sup>4</sup>	4 Ivanhoe, ch. 1.
H	ailstoa	E	5 The young eels, bred in the ocean and
E	lve	R <sup>5</sup>	swimming up our rivers, are called
S	hackle	S	elvers.

ACROSTIC No. 405.—The winner is "St. Ives," Mrs. F. C. Matthew, 28, The Terrace, St. Ives, Cornwall, who has chosen as her prize 'The Omnibus Book, No. 1,' conducted by Katherine I. Monro, published by Heinemann and reviewed by us on December 21 under the title 'Pride of Lions.' Twenty-one other competitors selected this book, seventeen named 'Journal of a Tour in Scotland in 1819,' sixteen 'The Mercury Story Book,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Bargee, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Boote, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Miss Carter, Ceyx, Chailey, J. R. Cripps, Ursula D'Ot, M. East, Farsdon, Gay, Mrs. Greene, Jeff, Miss Kelly, Madge, Margaret, Met, Mrs. Milne, Peter, F. M. Petty, Shorwell, Thora, Twyford, Tyro, W. R. Wolseley.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Armada, Mrs. Robert Brown, Mrs. J. Butler, C. C. J., J. Chambers, Dhualt, E. G. H., C. W. S. Ellis, Fossil, G. M. Fowler, Glamis, H. C. M., Iago, James, John Lennie, Lillian, Martha, George W. Miller, Robinsky, Stucco, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Mrs. J. Butler, Bertram R. Carter, Clam, Maud Crowther, Carlton, T. Hartland, Jop, J. F. Maxwell, N. O. Sellam, Sisyphus. All others more.

Light 9 baffled 18 solvers; Light 12, 8; Light 6, 7; Light 4, 6; Light 8, 3; Lights 7 and 10, 1; Mrs. R. Brown omitted Light 5; Jop, Light 7.

ACROSTIC No. 404.—TWO LIGHTS WRONG: Peter.

B. R. CARTER.—*Weapon* was accepted. *Nautical* means "naval, maritime," according to the C.O.D.

ACROSTIC No. 406.—The winner is "Rabbits," Lady Whitaker, Babworth Hall, Retford, Notts., who has chosen as her prize 'The Mystery and Romance of Astrology,' by C. J. S. Thompson, published by Brentano and reviewed by us on December 28. Thirteen other competitors selected this book, seventeen named 'Dudley and Gilderoy,' seventeen 'Windstraws,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Armada, Aron, E. Barrett, Bolo, Mrs. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Buns, Ernest Carr, Miss Carter, Ceyx, Chailey, Clam, J. R. Cripps, Maud Crowther, Dhualt, D. L., Dolmar, Doric, Ursula D'Ot, Sir Reginald Egerton, Cyril E. Ford, Fossil, G. M. Fowler, D. L. Haldane-Porter, T. Hartland, Iago, John Lennie, Madge, Martha, Margaret, G. W. Miller, Mrs. Milne, K. Moloney, H. de R. Morgan, N. O. Sellam, Peter, F. M. Petty, Quis, Rho Kappa, M. C. S. Scott, Shorwell, Sisyphus, Margarita Skene, Stalky, St. Ives, Stucco, Thora, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Mrs. J. Butler, J. Chambers, Farsdon, Foy, Mrs. Greene, H. C. M., Jeff, Jop, J. F. Maxwell, Met, Lady Mottram, Twyford, W. R. Wolseley.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Barberry, Carlton, Chip, Glamis, Lillian, Miss Moore, Polamar.

Light 1 baffled 7 solvers; Light 11, 5; Lights 5 and 12, 4; Light 6, 3; Light 7, 2; Lights 9 and 10, 1.

Other results are held over till next week

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## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

**N**OW that 1930 has arrived and has brought in its train a rather more confident tone as far as the stock markets are concerned, one hopes that the lessons of 1929 will not be forgotten.

Surveying the results of 1928 in the light of 1929 results, one cannot help being struck with the large number of new issues which have turned out disastrously. While it is appreciated that the Stock Exchange cannot ensure the success of every company whose shares are dealt in within its walls, in view of the fact that every issue includes on the front page of its Prospectus the name of a Member of the London Stock Exchange who has agreed to act as Broker to the company, it would appear that the Stock Exchange Committee can, and it is suggested most certainly should, tighten up its regulations, so that its Broker Members appreciate the responsibility which rests on their shoulders if their name appears as sponsoring an issue. Many of the 1928 issues, it now transpires, were not fully applied for, neither were those who had underwritten issues in a financial position to fulfil their contracts. It seems incredible that brokers whose names appeared on the prospectuses concerned did not learn in the very early days of the companies' history that adequate funds were not available for their operations. Having, presumably, applied to the Stock Exchange Committee, in the first instance, for permission to deal in the shares of these companies, did any of these brokers re-visit their Committee and inform them of the correct position? If they did, why were dealings allowed, in certain cases, to continue at an exaggerated premium in a manipulated market? If they did not, and by their silence did not infringe existing Stock Exchange regulations, it would certainly seem that one reform, at least, should be a revision of the rules dealing with this subject, and the inclusion of a new rule whereby the Committee notifies its Broker Members that they are expected to keep in close touch with those companies whose shares have been introduced on the Stock Exchange at their request, and that they will be subject to reprimand if, having ascertained that the position of a company is not what it should be, they do not immediately notify their Committee, so that the question of stopping dealing in the shares can be considered. This whole question of the Stock Exchange keeping what almost amounts to an open door is admittedly one that bristles with difficulties. At the same time, it is unthinkable that the machinery of the Stock Exchange should be at the disposal of any undesirable company promoter and share-pusher, to be used with the sole object of fleecing the public.

### BANK RESULTS

The results announced by our big banks for 1929 show that while dividends, as anticipated, are maintained at previous levels, higher profits have been earned than in the preceding year. The prompt manner in which our banks issue their results could well be emulated in other directions.

### JOHN MOWLEM

John Mowlem and Company, Limited, whose business was established in London more than a century ago, was converted into a private company in 1908, and into a public company in 1925. This company

has achieved a high reputation for the construction of works of all kinds, whether public or private. Prior to the introduction of the company's shares on the Stock Exchange, dividends of 7½ per cent. free of income tax had been paid for five years. This dividend was increased to 10 per cent., less tax, for 1925 and 1926, and to 12½ per cent. for 1927 and 1928. In addition, in the latter year a capital bonus of 20 per cent. in ordinary shares was distributed to the then existing shareholders. The company's finances have been handled in a meritoriously conservative manner, with the result that to-day its £1 ordinary shares, which are standing in the neighbourhood of 45s., appear, in their class, a thoroughly sound industrial investment to lock away for future capital appreciation.

### IMPS

Some time next month the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland) will issue their report for the year ended October 31 last, when shareholders will learn what final dividend their directors propose to disburse. Dividends this year have to be paid on a capital increased by 25 per cent. as the result of last year's share bonus, so that the distribution will not amount to the 26 per cent., tax free, paid last year. At the same time, it is believed that the company has enjoyed an extremely prosperous year, and that profits will again constitute a record for the company. Last year they amounted to £9,595,176. It is felt that "Imps" constitute a thoroughly sound, trustworthy industrial investment to be locked away for good dividends and capital appreciation.

### ATLAS PREFERENCE

In these notes last week attention was drawn to the ordinary shares of the Atlas Electric and General Trust, formerly known as the Atlas Light and Power Company. This company is referred to again this week because, in addition to the ordinary shares, the capital includes 7 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each. These preference shares are standing in the neighbourhood of 23s. 6d., at which price, it is suggested, a generous yield is shown, in view of the very substantial security on which these preference shares are secured, and the fact that their status has been materially improved as a result of the changed nature of the company's operations.

### ANGLO-NEWFOUNDLAND

The shares of the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company suffered very severely from depreciation during the last quarter of 1929 as the result of general conditions, and, it is believed, of forced liquidation on the part of weak holders. During the last week or two, however, there has been marked improvement in the price of these shares, with the result that they have recovered in price almost to the level from which they had previously fallen, and at which they were standing when reference was made to the great potential possibilities of the company's interest in the Buchan Mine in these notes. As a semi-speculative holding these Anglo-Newfoundland shares certainly appear to possess very decided possibilities, and it is hoped that in the course of the next few months they will be standing at a materially higher price.

### TAURUS

### COMPANY MEETING

In this issue will be found a report of the meeting of the British-American Tobacco Co.

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## Company Meeting

## BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

## SATISFACTORY RESULTS ALL ROUND

## PROFIT FIGURES EXPLAINED

## SIR HUGO CUNLIFFE-OWEN'S STATEMENT

The Twenty-Seventh Annual General Meeting of British-American Tobacco Co., Ltd., was held on January 6 at the registered offices of the company, Westminster House, 7 Millbank, London, S.W., Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bt., the chairman, presiding.

The chairman said: As you are aware, it is usual at our annual meeting to go through the various items of the balance-sheet and make some comments thereon.

Taking the assets side of the balance-sheet first, you will observe that investments at cost or under in (1) shares in subsidiary companies, £17,651,336, and (2) shares and bonds in associated companies, £4,067,058, making a total of £21,718,394, shows an increase over last year of £787,313, and is the largest item on the assets side. This increase is after the deduction from investments of the book value of the Tobacco Securities Trust Co., Ltd., shares which were distributed to ordinary shareholders in accordance with the extraordinary resolution of October 29, 1928, and is accounted for by the increase of your investments in subsidiary and associated companies and in the purchase of new businesses. As I mentioned last year, the actual value of your proportion of the net tangible assets of these subsidiary and associated companies considerably exceeds the figure at which the investments are carried in the books of your company.

Last year, shares in subsidiary companies and shares in associated companies appeared as one item. Under the new Companies Act, subsidiary companies (which are companies in which your company owns the voting control, or owns over 50 per cent. of the shares) must be shown as a separate item.

Loans to and current accounts with your (1) subsidiary companies (less provision for doubtful accounts), £3,303,896 and (2) associated companies (less provision for doubtful accounts), £3,528,391, show an increase of £1,397,883. This increase is due to expansion in the businesses of our subsidiary and associated companies.

Investments in British Government securities and other investments, at cost or under, £47,509, show a decrease of £227,719 on September 30 last.

## STOCKS, DEBTORS AND CASH

Stocks of leaf, manufactured goods and materials at cost or under, now stand at £8,808,580, or an increase of £2,539,090. This is chiefly due to the increase in the purchase of leaf tobacco to meet increasing business. The stocks of leaf, manufactured goods and materials have been carried at cost or under as in previous years.

Sundry debtors, less provision for doubtful debts, £2,429,735, shows a decrease of £1,922,840. This decrease is chiefly due to the short-term deposits, £2,250,000, appearing under this heading last year having been absorbed in the development of our businesses.

Turning to the liabilities side of the balance sheet, creditors, i.e., subsidiary companies, £1,570,949; associated companies, £1,489,800, and other creditors, £4,672,378, making a total of £7,733,127, represents an increase of £2,008,761 on the figure at which it stood last year. The greater portion of these balances consists of provision for payment of taxation due to British, Dominion and Foreign Governments and moneys deposited by your subsidiary and associated companies.

The item of reserves for buildings and machinery now stands at £550,000, an increase of £25,000.

Premium on ordinary shares issued stands at £576,558, an increase of £16,900. This increase is due to the premium received on the shares issued to directors previously mentioned.

Provision for redemption of coupons now stands at £60,239, an increase of £1,376.

Special reserve has increased from £1,921,511 to £1,924,014, an increase of £2,503. As your chairmen have stated in speeches in previous years, this account was created in which to carry profits of a capital nature.

## PROFIT BALANCE

This brings me to the last item, viz., profit and loss account. The accounts show a net profit for the year, after deducting all charges and expenses and providing for income-tax, of £8,357,772, a decrease of £205,787. I will deal with this item later.

Last year we carried forward a balance of £4,736,173, out of which we paid a final dividend of 1s. 8d. per share (free of income-tax), amounting to £1,961,686, which left us with a disposable balance of £2,774,486, from which is to be deducted £1,166,269, the book value of the shares of Tobacco Securities Trust Co., Ltd., distributed to you in accordance with the

extraordinary resolution of October 29, 1928, leaving an amount of £1,608,217. To this must be added the profits for the year as previously mentioned, £8,357,772, less the preference dividend of £225,000, and the four interim dividends paid on the ordinary shares for the year, amounting to £3,927,714, leaving a disposable balance of £3,813,275, out of which the directors recommend the allocation of the sum of £100,000 to an employees' benevolent fund, and the distribution on January 17 of a final dividend (free of British income-tax) on the issued ordinary shares of 1s. 8d. per share, amounting to £1,964,503, leaving £1,748,772 5s. 3d. to be carried forward.

With regard to the decrease in the net profits, I would point out that it is not caused by a shrinkage in the actual profits of your company or your company's subsidiary and allied companies. You will remember that a substantial portion of your company's holdings in certain of those companies was sold to Tobacco Securities Trust Co., Ltd.

In October, 1928, you approved of the distribution to the shareholders of one ordinary share and one deferred share in Tobacco Securities Trust Co., Ltd., for every eight ordinary shares held by them, and, as you know, Tobacco Securities Trust Co., Ltd., paid a dividend of 16 per cent. (less income-tax) on its ordinary shares and a dividend of 2.742d. (less income-tax) on its deferred shares for the year ended October 31 last. Therefore, if it is your pleasure to agree to your directors' recommendation as to the final dividend, any shareholder who has retained his shares in Tobacco Securities Trust Co., Ltd., will have received dividends from the two companies which would be equivalent to a total dividend at the rate of 26.821 per cent., free of tax, on his holding as at October, 1928, or an increase of 1.821 per cent. over the previous year's dividend.

## SATISFACTORY CURRENT BUSINESS

I am very pleased to be able to tell you that your business for the first three months of the current year continues to be satisfactory.

I now beg formally to move the adoption of the report and balance-sheet for the year ended September 30, 1929, including the payment on January 17 instant of a final dividend of 1s. 8d. per share upon the issued ordinary shares, free of British income-tax.

I may also mention that the directors have declared for the year 1929-30 an interim dividend of 10d. per share, free of British income-tax, also payable on January 17, so that the shareholders will receive on that date 2s. 6d. per share.

Mr. J. D. Gilliam seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously without question or comment.

The proceedings then terminated.

# Investments?

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